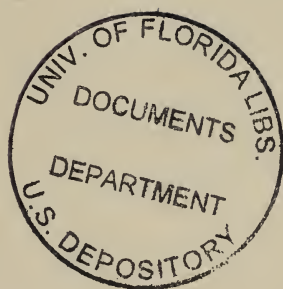


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Thomas E. Watson



Memorial Addresses

DELIVERED IN THE SENATE AND
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF
THE UNITED STATES IN MEMORY OF
THOMAS E. WATSON

LATE A SENATOR
FROM GEORGIA



Sixty-Seventh Congress

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE
JANUARY 21, 1923

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE
FEBRUARY 11, 1923



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CONTENTS

	Page
Proceedings in the Senate.....	1
Prayer by Rev. J. J. Muir.....	1, 4
Memorial address by—	
Mr. William J. Harris, of Georgia.....	7
Mr. Park Trammell, of Florida.....	19
Mr. Frank B. Willis, of Ohio.....	26
Mr. Nathaniel B. Dial, of South Carolina..	38
Mr. Ralph H. Cameron, of Arizona.....	44
Mr. J. Thomas Heflin, of Alabama.....	47
Mr. Edwin F. Ladd, of North Dakota.....	70
Mr. T. H. Caraway, of Arkansas.....	74
Mr. Smith W. Brookhart, of Iowa.....	81
Mr. Pat Harrison, of Mississippi.....	90
Mr. Walter F. George, of Georgia.....	94
Proceedings in the House.....	105
Prayer by Rev. Page Milburn.....	107
Memorial address by—	
Mr. Thomas M. Bell, of Georgia.....	111
Mr. William R. Green, of Iowa.....	119
Mr. Charles R. Crisp, of Georgia.....	123
Mr. John E. Rankin, of Mississippi.....	133
Mr. Charles H. Brand, of Georgia.....	139
Mr. Ross A. Collins, of Mississippi.....	152
Mr. John Q. Tilson, of Connecticut.....	157
Mr. Carl Vinson, of Georgia.....	159
Miss Alice M. Robertson, of Oklahoma....	169
Mr. Gordon Lee, of Georgia.....	179
Mr. William W. Larsen, of Georgia.....	187
Mr. William C. Wright, of Georgia.....	192
Mr. W. Turner Logan, of South Carolina..	195
Mr. James W. Wise, of Georgia.....	198
Mr. William C. Lankford, of Georgia.....	204
Mr. Henry B. Steagall, of Alabama.....	229
Mr. James W. Overstreet, of Georgia.....	236
Mr. William D. Upshaw, of Georgia.....	239

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Death of Hon. Thomas C. Watson



Proceedings in the Senate



MONDAY, *November 20, 1922.*

The third session of the Sixty-seventh Congress commenced this day at the Capitol, in the city of Washington, in pursuance of the proclamation of the President of the United States of the 9th day of November, 1922.

The Vice President (Calvin Coolidge, of Massachusetts) called the Senate to order at 12 o'clock noon.

The Chaplain, Rev. J. J. Muir, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Our Father, as we meet together in special session we humbly crave Thy blessing. Grant that every act may receive Thy help, and that in all the deliberations of these days nothing but good shall be the outcome of the discussions.

We would not forget the family that has been afflicted, and while we think of the sorrow in the vacancy here we humbly beseech Thee for abundant comfort, Thou God of all consolation to widow and children. Reveal Thyself to us along the path of life until the journey ends, to Thy glory. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Mr. HARRIS. Mr. President, it is my sad duty to announce the death of my colleague, Hon. THOMAS E. WATSON, which occurred on September 26 in Washington, D. C.

His death was caused by overwork in his feeble condition. Time and time again I had urged him not to work so hard and not to remain so closely confined in the Senate, but he felt it his duty to be here battling for the common people whom he loved so well. No man in my State had so many personal friends whose devotion to him made them followers at all times, and the number was larger at his death than ever before. He was the author of several histories which are regarded the world over as authorities. While a Member of the House he was the author of the first bill providing an appropriation for rural free mail delivery.

I shall not enumerate to-day his great services, but at the proper time I shall ask the Senate to set apart a day for memorial services.

I now submit the following resolutions and ask for their adoption.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The resolutions will be read.

The resolutions (S. Res. 360) were read, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep regret and profound sorrow the announcement of the death of the Hon. THOMAS E. WATSON, late a Senator from the State of Georgia.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Senate communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased Senator.

SENATOR WATSON

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Senator the Senate do now adjourn.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions submitted by the Senator from Georgia.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to, and the Senate (at 12 o'clock and 12 minutes p. m.) adjourned until to-morrow, Tuesday, November 21, 1922, at 12 o'clock meridian.

TUESDAY, *December 12, 1922.*

Mr. HARRIS. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the Senate convene on Sunday, January 21, 1923, at 11 o'clock a. m., to pay tribute to the life, character, and public services of the late Senator WATSON.

The VICE PRESIDENT. Is there objection? The Chair hears none, and it is so ordered.

FRIDAY, *January 19, 1923.*

Mr. HARRIS. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order of the Senate of date February 24, 1905, prohibiting the bringing of flowers into the Senate Chamber may be suspended for the day of Sunday, January 21, 1923, the occasion of the memorial services for my late colleague, Senator THOMAS E. WATSON. His widow, who is ill and not able to be present, has requested me to have

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

flowers placed on his former desk for her and her granddaughters, and I sincerely hope her request may be granted.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The Chair hears no objection, and leave is granted.

SUNDAY, *January 21, 1923.*

The Senate met at 11 o'clock a. m.

The Chaplain, Rev. J. J. Muir, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Our Father and our God, the number of our days is with Thee. Thou dost determine the bounds of our habitation. Help us, we beseech Thee, to understand that while life is so uncertain and there come aching hearts bowed with grief, we ask Thee to enable us to realize for ourselves that Thou art the refuge and the strength of every troubled life. And as we engage in the services this morning we pray that such lessons may be presented and such inspiration had that we may understand better the dignity, the opportunity, and the high incentive to live nobly and to serve our generation by Thy will.

We thank Thee for him whose life is to be remembered this morning, and in whose varied condition and experiences were recognized dependence upon Thy grace. And, O, grant unto the widow and to others connected with his life the sweetest ministries of Thy richest consolation, so that it may be understood that the Maker of us

SENATOR WATSON

all is her husband and that He is also the father of the fatherless. Be with us when we cry out "for the touch of a vanish'd hand, and the sound of a voice that is still," and in the loneliness of the passing days be the companion, the consolation, the abiding strength of each life.

And may this Chamber be filled with men devoted to the highest interests of the country and to the glory of Thy great name.

Hear us, help us, so when the shadows quicken and become thicker to us we may have a vision of the life beyond, and that absence from the body may be unto each of us presence with the Lord. We ask in the name of Jesus Christ, our Savior and Lord. Amen.

The Secretary, George A. Sanderson, read the following communication:

UNITED STATES SENATE,
PRESIDENT PRO TEMPORE,
Washington, D. C., January 21, 1923.

To the Senate:

Being temporarily absent from the Senate, I appoint Hon. William J. Harris, a Senator from the State of Georgia, to perform the duties of the Chair to-day, Sunday, January 21, 1923, on the occasion of memorial services for Hon. THOMAS E. WATSON, late a Senator from the State of Georgia.

ALBERT B. CUMMINS,
President pro tempore.

Mr. Harris thereupon took the chair as Presiding Officer for the day.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, the reading of the Journal of the proceedings of the

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

legislative day of Tuesday, January 16, will be dispensed with and the Journal will be approved.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. Harris). The Chair asks the Secretary to read the resolutions which he submits for the consideration of the Senate.

The Assistant Secretary, Henry M. Rose, read the resolutions (S. Res. 415), as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. THOMAS E. WATSON, late a Senator from the State of Georgia.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the business of the Senate be now suspended to enable his associates to pay tribute to his high character and distinguished public services.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Mr. George took the chair as Presiding Officer.

SENATOR WATSON

Address by Senator Harris *Of Georgia*

MR. PRESIDENT: During my first two years' service in the Senate my late colleague, Senator WATSON, wrote me a number of times, usually about veterans who had requested him to help them with their claims, but it had never been my privilege to be introduced to him until he came to Washington to serve with me in the Senate. After his arrival, and the day before he was to take the oath of office, I telephoned him that I would like to call on him and then offered my services if I could be of any assistance to him. He said he was ill from the railroad journey and asked if I would come to his hotel to see him, as he was anxious to discuss several matters with me. When I called he was resting in bed and he impressed me as being far from strong and well. The next day he came to the Senate just before noon and sent for me. I introduced him to the Vice President and the Senators and, as is customary, I walked with him to the Vice President's desk when he took the oath of office. From that time until his death matters of interest to our State, our personal matters, brought us together almost every day and we became good friends. In my dealings with him he was most considerate at all times. It so happened that the Senators he liked best had been my warm friends since I had been a Member. While we differed on some questions, we were always together on

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

matters of interest to the people of our State and country. He was always on the side of the common people.

Senator WATSON'S hard work in the Senate shortened his life. Time and again I noticed that he appeared worn and tired, and I would urge him to go out in the sunshine and air and take more exercise. I told him that the climate here was treacherous and different from our Georgia climate, and that he could not stand the work as I had on account of the difference in our ages. Many times he promised to take my advice and not work so hard, but the next day he would be here fighting the people's battles. The last time I saw him, the day before I went to Europe with the congressional delegation to attend the Inter-Parliamentary Union, which has for its purpose the settlement of all differences between governments by arbitration so as to prevent war, I told him that as he had not been well I would not go away, but he insisted that I go. He said he felt very much better, and promised me that he would rest and not overwork. Just as I was sailing for home I read of his death, which was a great shock to me.

One thing that made Senator WATSON my friend was never mentioned by either of us. During the last administration Senator WATSON was indicted by the grand jury of the Federal court because of some articles in his paper sent through the mails. An effort was made to have him taken out of Georgia to be tried. Members of Congress from Georgia informed me of this and asked if I would not join with them and try to prevent it. While I

SENATOR WATSON

did not know Senator WATSON and had never had any communication with him, I promptly told the Congressmen that I would gladly cooperate with them and do my utmost to prevent Senator WATSON's being taken out of the State for trial, as I considered it an injustice to Senator WATSON and a reflection on the people of my State to say that any citizen could not get a fair trial within her borders. We prevented this from being done, and he was grateful to all who assisted in this matter.

Senator WATSON took part in all the debates of the Senate—his knowledge of history and government made him ready at all times. He attended all the Democratic Party caucuses and cooperated with the Democrats on party measures. He did not neglect his committee work, which is more important in framing legislation than speeches on the floor of the Senate.

He was on the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, was prompt in his attendance at all meetings, and rendered most useful service. I had urged that he be placed on this committee because he had been, while a Member of the House, author of the first appropriation bill for rural free delivery service, which now daily serves millions of people. He was placed on the Immigration Committee at his request, as he was interested in keeping our country from being overrun with foreigners who did not understand our Government. I served with him on this committee and personally know of his splendid work.

He was also on the Committee on Civil Service and the Committee on Claims, and other members

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

of these committees have told me of his useful work on them. As a member of the Committee on Claims he handled and secured passage through the Senate of several Georgia claims, besides many deserving ones from other sections of the country. I remember the great interest he took in the claim of a poor widow from another State who had no influence.

Senator WATSON had more friends in Georgia who would at all times follow him than any public man within my time. With this following he made and unmade governors, Senators, Congressmen, and public officials, and his following was larger in his last days. He was always fighting for the masses of the people and opposing special interests. That he should have, after serving two years with me, wished me to remain in the Senate and help him is something I shall cherish always.

His life was a busy one. He was a leader in all things—politics, law, and as a banker, farmer, and author of history. He was in many ways the most remarkable man of my time in our State.

So far as the outside world was concerned much friction entered into his career, but he was greatly blessed in the serene and peaceful atmosphere created in his home by his admirable, gentle, and, in many ways, most unusual wife. Several years ago a crushing sorrow came to them in the loss of their only children, a son and a daughter.

The one man Senator WATSON loved and trusted above all others was that gallant soldier and splendid citizen, Maj. Charles E. McGregor, who knew him better than any of his friends, and at my

SENATOR WATSON

request he prepared an article about Senator WATSON's life.

Major McGregor wrote the following:

THOMAS E. WATSON was born in Columbia County (now McDuffie), near the present town of Thomson, Ga., on September 5, 1856. His grandparents came with a colony of Quakers from North Carolina in 1750, who purchased and settled a large tract of land between the Savannah and Ogeechee Rivers, including the lands in and about the old town of Wrightsboro. His immediate family were slave owners until the close of the Civil War, which destroyed that species of property. Liquidation of security debts swept away their lands. He attended the common schools at Thomson, Ga., and in 1872 entered Mercer University. During the vacation of 1873 he applied to Prof. B. M. Zettler, county school commissioner, and obtained a license to teach school. He then made a contract with the school trustees of "Big Warrior Militia District," in Bibb County, Ga., to teach for three months, at \$50 per month and board. At the close of the sophomore term, June, 1874, he had to leave the university and seek work. His family was living at Augusta, Ga., at this time, to which city he went, hoping to get employment, but failed. He sold for \$6.50 some books which his father had given him, and started out to make his own way in life. The Baptists were holding an association in an adjoining county, to which he went, hoping that among so many good Christians he might find employment as a teacher for a country common school. Undaunted by failure, he went into Screven County, Ga., and succeeded in making up a small school at "Little Horse Creek Church." Here he taught school for two years. The revenue barely paid his living expenses, but the people, who were very poor, were exceedingly kind to him, liked him, and he loved them. From this association grew strong attachments to the common people which were never broken but grew stronger and stronger as THOMAS E. WATSON advanced in political life. It was here in the humble homes of these

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

common people that he read law and history, preparing himself for the great conflicts of life. It was here where he daily saw the hardships of the average farmer in Georgia. It was here he saw the patient courage with which they labored to rear their children aright and to overcome disadvantages of their condition. Eating at their tables, sitting at their firesides, sleeping in their beds, he gained a knowledge of the working farmers that no books could give. They gave him a home; they gave him work when he could find none in a city. Later on, when he was manfully struggling to gain prestige as a lawyer, they gave him verdicts. Still later on, when he sought political honors, they gave him their plaudits and their ballots. In return he gave them 30 years of unstinted advocacy and finally his life.

He was admitted to the bar in the city of Augusta, Ga., in 1875. He then returned to his own home in Thomson, Ga., in November, 1876. His family was then living at their own home 3 miles from Thomson, Ga., from which he daily walked to his office in the courthouse. His practice gradually grew from \$212 gross to \$12,000. In the latter part of his experience as a lawyer he was enabled to command large fees. By judicious investments in lands he gradually accumulated a large landed estate.

In 1878 he married Miss Georgia Durham, daughter of Dr. George W. Durham, the leading physician of McDuffie County, Ga. To this union were born three children, all of whom died before 1920. The one great solace in his darkest hours of political defeat was this devoted wife and mother; the brightest rays of light which illuminated his path to duty was the loving smiles of his sweetheart, "Miss Georgia."

In 1882 he was elected to the Georgia Legislature and served one term, declining reelection. In 1888 he was elector at large for the State of Georgia on the Democratic ticket and stumped the State for tariff reform and Cleveland. The success so gratified the farmers that they elected him to Congress—every county in the district giving him a majority, except the home county of his oppo-

SENATOR WATSON

nent. In 1891 the Farmers' Alliance adopted a resolution demanding allegiance of those Congressmen they had elected to the principles they espoused when seeking their support, regardless of caucus dictates of either of the old political parties. Inasmuch as he had championed the principles of the Farmers' Alliance in every county of the district, and pledged himself to their advocacy, if elected to Congress, he felt honor bound to adhere to those principles, and therefore refused to bind himself to any caucus action inimical to his constituents. His position was denounced by all machine Democrats, and a bitter, determined warfare was launched against him in every county in Georgia, and a campaign fund was contributed from other States to aid in his defeat.

It was in this campaign of 1892 that I became closely associated with him. He purchased a newspaper in Atlanta, Ga. We named it the "People's Party Paper," which, through its columns, he kept in touch with the public.

The result of the 1896 Bryan campaign scattered and disbanded the People's Party movement, and the paper went down with the party. My association with him in the legislature of 1882 revealed to me his great storehouse of knowledge, ability to use it, his incorruptible integrity, and the indomitable courage to battle for right regardless of consequences. It was during this session of the Georgia Legislature, as we collaborated in the enactment of the local-option laws, which closed the barrooms and made Georgia a "stock law" State, that the close brotherly friendship was joined which lasted till death claimed him, and it was this knowledge which caused me to join with him in battling against the bitter political prejudices and anathemas hurled against him in the dark and unpleasant campaign days of the nineties by a partisan press and unthinking place hunters.

A series of joint debates with his opponent were arranged—five were held when the campaign manager of his opponent declined to continue them. His district was "gerrymandered" by the Democrats while he was

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

in Congress. Two of his strongest counties were taken from the district and two bitter hostile counties were substituted therefor. In the election which followed, the bitterest campaign ever experienced in Georgia, he carried every county in the district except one, and that was Richmond. In this county the Democrats out of a voting population of 11,466 polled 22,000 and counted 12,558, which gave their candidate the majority vote and the certificate. Had only legal votes been cast in Richmond County, he would have been returned to Congress. He therefore contested the election. The minions of the trusts had avenged their defeated comrade, the "Bagging Trust," the men who controlled in Georgia politics, had buried the invincible champion of the masses against the classes.

During the term that he was permitted to serve he labored for the masses. He supported the eight-hour law. He led the debate on the automatic coupling bill, requiring all railroads to equip their freight cars with such appliances within five years. He introduced and had passed in the House the first resolution which was ever passed in this country providing for the delivery of mails to the country people outside the limits of cities, towns, and villages.

This resolution, carrying an appropriation for experimental free delivery, is the foundation for the present system, the greatest educational agency ever established by Congress. Fortunately, Postmaster General Wanamaker agreed with Mr. WATSON's idea, and immediately put the system into operation. So popular it has grown that both the Democratic and Republican Parties take pride in claiming the credit.

At that time a barroom was kept open day and night in the Capitol Building. Naturally much drunkenness was in evidence on the floor of Congress. He had been largely instrumental in driving the barrooms out of Georgia, and tackled the one in the basement of the Nation's Capitol in his campaign book, which was issued that year. He was attacked in debate for making public exposure

SENATOR WATSON

of the conditions existing. WATSON repeated them on the floor of the House. A violent uproar ensued. An attempt was made to expel or censure him, but the effort was abandoned. Public sentiment, however, had been aroused, and subsequently forced the closing of the bar-room.

In 1896 the Populist Party numbered two million voters and had one thousand two hundred newspapers. The Democratic Party was in a bad way. They hit upon the scheme of capturing the Populist voters by adopting their platform and nominating Bryan as a pledged representative of Populist principles. The Populist National Convention refused to indorse Bryan until they nominated WATSON for Vice President. Telegrams assuring Mr. WATSON that leading Democrats would accept the compromise ticket of Bryan and WATSON poured into Thomson. Believing that a combination of the reform parties would be accomplished and the reforms he had advocated would be made possible, he agreed to accept the nomination. Unfortunately, Bryan and his friends failed to keep their promise and the Republicans won out.

With his political party put out of business by the fusion with Bryanites, he turned to literature, and wrote "The Story of France," "The Life of Napoleon," and "The Life and Times of Jefferson," wherein he advocated the same eternal principles of human liberty and justice and good government that he had preached from Georgia to Nebraska, from New York to Texas. During these years he delivered a lecture on the South in many cities, while it furnished a good revenue. He was so engaged when the People's Party National Convention, without his knowledge or effort, called upon him to again raise the standard for them to rally around and to lead them again to battle for the rights of the common man. He accepted the nomination through a sense of duty, and developed immense crowds throughout the North and Northwest, advocating the same eternal principles of human liberty and justice and good government.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

In March, 1905, at the request of one W. D. Mann, a capitalist in New York, who proposed to finance the enterprise, he consented to publish a magazine to bear his name and be edited by him. Failing to pay his salary, he withdrew from the arrangement, and the magazine suspended, owing him several thousand dollars. It was while he was engaged in New York working on this magazine that he was stricken with ptomaine poison, from the effect of which he never fully recovered. Upon his convalescence he decided to enter again the newspaper field. Calling me to a conference with himself and his wife "Miss Georgia"—he seldom made ventures without consulting her—it was decided to establish one at the earliest date. Having had years of newspaper experience I was requested to put the decision into execution. I made arrangements in Augusta for its publication, named it the "Jeffersonian," and in 10 days from its inception had it traveling through the mails in October, 1906. By December of the same year its circulation permeated nearly every State in the Union, and the monthly Jeffersonian Magazine was launched in Atlanta, Ga., and the weekly Jeffersonian was transferred from Augusta, Ga., to Atlanta, Ga., and was fully equipped with modern machinery, from which both publications were issued and Mr. Watson's various literary publications were printed.

During the years 1907 and 1908 he was engaged in writing the "Life and Times of Andrew Jackson," a monograph on "Waterloo," a book of "Prose Poems," a volume of "Sketches from Roman History," and a handbook of "Politics and Economics" and the "Life and Speeches of Thomas E. Watson." Regarding the Roman Hierarchy as the greatest menace to America, he devoted much time to its exposure. His thorough study of the history of the Roman Catholic Church made him an authority on the subject, and his scathing arraignments of the abuses practiced by the priesthood and condoned by the hierarchy aroused the sentiment of the Catholic laity to the extent of boycotting his Jeffersonians and having them excluded from the mails. He was indicted and

SENATOR WATSON

prosecuted in the United States District Court for sending obscene literature through the mails. He defended himself in one of the most sensational trials ever witnessed and was acquitted.

In his "Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson," written in 1908, he attacked Woodrow Wilson as a fair historian of the South. He fought him and his administration to the bitter end. So severe were his criticisms that he was threatened with arrest and deportation to another State for trial. A protest signed by the entire Georgia delegation, excepting Senators Hoke Smith and Thomas W. Hardwick, the latter declaring "he did not care if WATSON was quartered and the four different quarters of his body tried in four different States," was filed and the plot to silence his pen fell through.

After the exclusion of his Jeffersonians from the mails he purchased the Columbia Sentinel, transferred it to his plant at Thomson, Ga., stronger with the voting population of Georgia and dearer to their hearts than before his persecution.

The Watson publications enjoyed a national circulation, reaching every community in America. The editor buried himself in his periodicals; he often referred to the two "Jeffs" as the children of his old age; and it was to him a heart-crushing blow when Postmaster General Burleson denied the "Jeffs" access to the mails because of their editor's hostility to certain war measures demanded by the administration, including conscription.

Mr. WATSON's attitude during the World War has been the subject of much comment from hostile pens. Many editors took delight in misrepresenting his views on war measures, not the war itself. Many people were never able to understand why the administration closed the mails to the Watson publications. Political enemies tried to create the impression throughout the country that WATSON was not in sympathy with the allied cause and that he leaned toward Germany.

Postmaster General Burleson demanded that the Watson publications be suppressed and that the editor him-

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

self be silenced because he opposed conscription. Mr. WATSON accepted the verdict; he retired to private life without any attempt to embarrass the administration in any way whatsoever. He advised his followers to bow their heads to the verdict of constituted authority, and to obey every valid law.

Following the signing of the armistice, Mr. WATSON purchased the Columbia Sentinel, and made it the successor of his suppressed "Jeffs."

He conducted a brilliant campaign against the League of Nations, and convinced a majority of Georgians that this Nation should not surrender the old policies for a new dream.

In 1920 the administration followers in Georgia named Attorney General Palmer as their choice for the Presidency. Mr. WATSON believed that a presidential preference primary should be conducted in Georgia in order to arrive at the people's choice in this matter. In the meantime Senator Hoke Smith announced his candidacy to succeed President Woodrow Wilson. With Attorney General Palmer representing the administration and the League of Nations, and Senator Smith representing himself, Mr. WATSON's name was entered without his knowledge.

Subsequently the people petitioned Mr. WATSON to enter the race for the Senate to succeed Senator Smith, who was a candidate for reelection after having been defeated in the presidential primary. Gov. Hugh M. Dorsey also announced as a candidate. Mr. WATSON consented to the announcement of his candidacy for the Senate, and was elected by a large majority.

Mr. Harris resumed the chair.

SENATOR WATSON

Address by Senator Trammell *Of Florida*

MR. PRESIDENT: We have assembled to-day for the purpose of paying honor and loving tribute to a great and illustrious Georgian, a great American, who, just as the autumn leaves were falling in the year but recently recorded in the history of time, ended a long and useful earthly career.

It had not been my privilege to have a personal acquaintance with Senator WATSON until he became a Member of the Senate. But even in my youth I delighted in reading Watson's Magazine and in reading his weekly paper, because from those publications I gained knowledge, I gained inspiration, and was encouraged in my ambition for greater things in life. After I had reached manhood and entered upon a public career I continued to read his editorials because I found them brilliant, fascinating, and, as I believed, expressive of the sincere sentiments of an earnest and honorable American.

When the news was heralded throughout the country that the distinguished and lamented Senator from Georgia had passed away, many were the eyes that were filled with tears of grief and the hearts that were saddened not only in Georgia but in Florida and throughout many other States of the Union. Thousands upon thousands of our citizens admired and believed in this great American and brilliant statesman because of his honesty of

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

purpose, because of his ability, his integrity, and his unfaltering devotion to the interests of the American people.

A voice we loved is silent, a warm heart beats no more, a brilliant mind sleeps beneath the sod of the southland. A merciful and loving God had sustained him through the morning and noontide of life and he was well within the shadows of evening when the summons came.

His was a long, useful, and brilliant career—a life of service and achievements that will reflect as a benediction for good into the years and the ages to come. No truer words have ever been uttered than those of the poet that—

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on the dial.

Senator WATSON had made his impress on his own native State and throughout the Nation. I have often thought and felt that he was by some misjudged; in fact, I have found that to be true, more or less, in my State, and I have when an opportunity afforded itself endeavored to correct that misapprehension. Because of his courageous and persistent efforts in behalf of those policies and purposes in which he believed, he was sometimes called "Fighting Tom WATSON," and many people, perhaps, who did not know him personally, who did not enjoy an intimate acquaintance with him, felt that he was probably a man of more or less disagreeable disposition in personal contact with his fellow man; but after I knew him in the Senate I found in him one of the most congenial,

SENATOR WATSON

most courteous, and most noble-hearted men with whom I had ever come in contact. He was as gentle, as kind, and as considerate in his disposition as a sweet-spirited and kind-hearted woman. It seems that he had a burning passion to try to assist those who needed help; and I may remark here sometimes it seems as we pass on down through the years we meet all too few of those who find pleasure in giving aid to those who need assistance; but this virtue was very characteristic in the life of the honored and distinguished gentleman to whom we pay tribute to-day.

I was traveling from Washington to Florida by automobile on the day Senator WATSON's death was announced. I was in Georgia on the day his remains were placed at rest in the bosom of the soil of his native State. As I journeyed through that State and saw the evidences of appreciation and esteem in which he was held by Georgians, quite generally, I was impressed with the thought that surely he had not lived in vain. A man who had won for himself a place in the hearts of his fellow citizens as had the late Senator WATSON certainly had left behind him a far greater heritage than all the wealth of the world could purchase. I did not previously know so very much of his private life, of his many acts of kindness and charity, but within that day and a half of travel through Georgia not less than a half dozen people spoke to me about his generosity in administering to the poor, how he found peculiar pleasure in assisting young men who desired to obtain an education, having aided many of them

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

at that trying period in their lives when they were endeavoring to equip themselves for the responsibilities of the years to come.

Senator WATSON was a man whose heart beat in sympathy for humanity. He was a man who wished faithfully to serve his country and his people. He was frank; he was honorable in all of his associations with the Members of the Senate as well as throughout his entire career before reaching a position in this distinguished body. We always knew where Senator WATSON stood on public questions. He was a fearless man and spoke his sentiments. It was probably because he was so frank and so uncompromising in his advocacy of the principles he believed in that he sometimes made enemies. That is true of any courageous man.

Mr. President, it was a fitting climax of the career of this illustrious Georgian that it was his privilege to serve his great State and to represent his people in this body, one might say, just at the sunset of life, after he had with an undaunted courage, and without faltering, struggled for a third of a century in behalf of policies and principles which he conceived to be right, many of which have been written into the laws of the land and are to-day popular throughout the Nation.

Mr. President, as I came in contact with Georgians from time to time after Senator WATSON had become a Member of this body, it was quite evident from their expressions that he was winning himself into the hearts of thousands and thousands of Georgians who previously had never particu-

SENATOR WATSON

larly cared for him; not that they did not admire the man, not that they did not appreciate his courage and his brilliancy, but because they had differed with him upon public issues. Approximately two years' service in the United States Senate, however, was making its favorable impress upon thousands who had not in years gone by been his political friends, and, while it may be said that previously he had such an extensive following that he made and unmade governors and Members of the Congress of the United States, I say to you, Mr. President, coming from an adjoining State, that Senator WATSON, by his splendid service in the United States Senate, his devotion to his country, and his devotion to his State, was enlarging that circle of friends; and the influence which he already enjoyed, in my opinion, had he survived, would have been greatly augmented and increased.

I am glad to join with other Senators in paying honor to him and expressing this brief tribute to his memory. As I have observed his career for many years rather closely, I sincerely feel that not only Georgia but the entire Nation has sustained a great loss in the death of the late lamented, distinguished junior Senator from that State.

Mr. President, Senator WATSON was blessed in having a noble and devoted life companion who assisted him, who gave him comfort and inspiration in his struggles, who stood by him in sunshine and shadow, who with a loving devotion was by his side giving him courage and cheer, whether in the bitter conflict of the political arena or whether

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

enjoying the sweet and ennobling influence of the family fireside. As is true of all men that are so fortunate, Senator WATSON was, indeed, blessed in having this devoted companion to assist him in his many achievements and to counsel with him in the many conflicts with which he was engaged throughout his long and at times quite stormy career. My heart of sympathy goes out to his most estimable widow and other members of his family. As much as a friend can mingle his sorrow and grief with the sorrow and sadness of those near and dear to the departed one, I grieve with his loved ones. To his loving and devoted wife and other members of his family I would offer a word of hope, in the thought that some day, beyond the grave, in the land of the blessed, you will see him, you will meet him again—

Where the faded flowers shall freshen—
Freshen never more to fade;
Where the shady sky shall brighten—
Brighten never more to shade;
Where the sun blaze never scorches,
Where the starbeams cease to chill,
Where no tempest stills the echoes
Of the wood or wave or hill;
Where the morn shall wake in gladness
And the noon the joy prolong;
Where the daylight dies in fragrance
'Mid the burst of holy song.

As I have said, Mr. President, Senator WATSON impressed himself upon his State and upon the American people because he was a man of conviction, a man of intelligence, a man of courage, but standing out preeminent as a beacon in his

SENATOR WATSON

life was his love of humanity and his deep and sincere concern for the great masses. Love of humanity is one of the most beautiful attributes known to the human heart. Sometimes it seems as though the old world were cold; that there were more chill than warmth in it. When the clouds gather and we journey in an atmosphere of chill, then we sigh and long for the warmth of a big-hearted, noble soul who loves humanity, as did our lamented friend and associate, the late junior Senator from Georgia. In Leigh Hunt's poem we find beautifully portrayed that love for his fellow men which was so characteristic of the distinguished and lamented Senator to whom we pay honor to-day:

Abou ben Adhem, may his tribe increase,
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in his room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, and with a great waking light,
And showed the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And, lo! ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Address by Senator Willis *Of Ohio*

MR. PRESIDENT: I speak briefly at this service, not because any poor word of mine will add to the story of the courage and achievements of the late Senator THOMAS E. WATSON. That story will be told by others who knew him more intimately and for a longer period than it was my privilege to know him.

I had never met him until he came to the Senate two years ago, though as a boy and a young man interested in politics the story of his fierce political contests, his courage bordering at times on rashness, his unfaltering devotion to the things in which he believed, was not unknown to me.

When he came to the Senate it chanced that for many months we lived at the same hotel. Our families were intimately acquainted, and I saw much of our late colleague. On most public questions our views were widely divergent. I usually was so unfortunate as to have to disagree with him in his premises, to question his logic, and to combat his conclusions; yet we were always friends, no matter how heated the contest.

I think, just there, I might give an illustration of that to which I have just referred. There were times when the relations seemed to be somewhat strained because of a certain controversy that was going on here, which Senators will remember. I recall that while the tariff bill was under consider-

ation there were two or three amendments in which I was very much interested, upon which I wished to be heard. It had become necessary for me to leave the Senate for some days, and I had arranged with the chairman of the committee to have these amendments called up out of order. It was about 40 minutes until the train was to leave; and, to my consternation, just at that juncture the Senator from Georgia rose to make what evidently was a rather extended speech on a historical subject. Knowing the situation, my friends on this side of the aisle said to me: "Well, there is no chance." I said, "You do not know TOM WATSON." I walked over to his desk, though we had had a rather heated exchange only recently, and I said: "Senator, I must leave," and explained the circumstances to him. He sat down immediately and I was able to secure action on my amendments. Though there were heated controversies, Senator TOM WATSON did not permit these differences to interrupt the courtesies and amenities existing between friends.

His family life was beautiful, and typically American. The flowers of unsullied affection bloomed ever fresh in that household.

The devotion of the Senator to his good wife and his affection and unceasing care and concern for the two beautiful orphaned little granddaughters, who made their home with him, was most touching and inspiring. It is upon such home life as this that the strength of the Republic rests. While American homes remain pure and undefiled, the Nation will be strong; but when, if ever,

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

family ties weaken and tear asunder, the Republic will totter to its fall.

It is not my purpose to pronounce a eulogy upon my friend who has gone away, nor to recite the story of his numerous political battles, in which he was well able to take care of himself, and neither asked nor gave quarter. Some of us will remember the tremendous mastery of invective that this friend of ours possessed. I never shall forget one sentence that comes to my mind just now, and there are in the Chamber those who will well remember the circumstance. A controversy had been running on here about a certain individual not necessary to name. Inquiry was made of the Senator while he was on the floor as to what he knew about this man. I never shall forget his frightful comparison. Some of you remember it, I am sure. Speaking of this man, he said:

An obscener bird never flapped his vulture wings.
* * * A slimier reptile never crawled the earth—

And so forth. He was a tremendous master of invective, so that he was able to take care of himself well in any political contest. But it is not my purpose to review that, nor even to enumerate the achievements of a busy life devoted to the service of his people, for those are a part of his country's history, but rather to call the attention of his colleagues and his countrymen to some of the contributions which Senator WATSON made to the permanent best literature of his country.

SENATOR WATSON

It is not likely that the people of the country, and particularly the people of Georgia, whom he loved with all the devotion of a nature intense, militant, and tender as a child, though pugnacious and relentless in battle, will ever forget his tireless, lifelong struggle for the things he believed to be for the best interests of his people—a struggle that he carried on until the silvery voice no longer sounded the defiant note of battle, and the weary hands that had penned eloquent arguments to sustain his views of the people's best interests were folded in peace. But even though political service and achievement be forgotten, good literature lives on forever; and THOMAS E. WATSON has made contributions to the Nation's literature that will abide, and fade not away. It will be recalled by all of us that his speeches here, even though informal, were always rich in historical and literary allusions. He read much. He was familiar with the classics, and, as I know from personal association with him, he loved literature for its own sake. If, by what I say here to-day, I can make his countrymen better acquainted with his achievements in the field of literature, I shall not have spoken in vain.

Mr. President, I know of no better way to let this man speak for himself than by calling attention to just some of the things that he said here, and one or two excerpts from things that he said elsewhere.

Senators will recall the rather notable brief address that was made by our friend here on the 27th of April, 1922. That was the day, as Senators will

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

remember, that was set apart throughout the country for memorial services for General Grant—perhaps not throughout the country, but in very many places. It was true in Ohio. There had been no program arranged here; but the Senator from Georgia rose, and here are a few of the sentences that he uttered. A man from the South, a man who loved the South, and was proud of his southern lineage, he said this of General Grant, and I am begging Senators to think now of the literary merit. I am thinking of Senator WATSON as a contributor to the permanent literature of my country. Here is what he said of General Grant. I think it is eloquent and beautiful:

He was * * * a great general whose sword had no poison on it; who conquered, but who, in the very moment of his victory, acknowledged the sincerity of those who fought him and gave them generous terms, forgave them, and loved them. He wanted to bring us all back into a brotherly union when he said, amid the torrent and tempest of passion: "Let us have peace!" * * *.

Without irreverence, may I liken his words to those of the Galilean when He spoke to the turbulent waves of the wind-swept sea and commanded: "Peace, be still!"

In the one case, as in the other, the danger passed and the waves sank down.

I recall very well when the Senator uttered those words, evidently without any formal preparation, just inspired by the moment.

Then I remember on another occasion, as other Senators will remember, some remarks that he made here in a perfectly informal manner upon a subject that was most depressing and touching.

SENATOR WATSON

That was the death of Carolyn Upshaw. You remember that he rose in his place and had read into the Record a beautiful editorial from a local newspaper, and then commented upon it as follows, in language which I think is classic.

He said:

Mr. President, she said, "I have not cried yet"; but I venture to say that the editor who wrote that beautiful tribute wept when he wrote it; I venture to say that every Senator who read it cried when he did so; I venture to say that countless thousands of people here in Washington and in regions round about cried when they read it; and I know in my heart that, as she was carried back to be given to the soil of Georgia, there could have hardly been a dry eye from the mountains to our seaboard. * * *

Death never plucked a whiter, sweeter flower than when it plucked her; death never stilled a braver heart than when it halted hers.

That is beautiful language, Mr. President. It is great literature.

Then, just at random, I plucked these excerpts from some of his books. He was a prolific author. I think his "Life of Napoleon" is the best I have ever read. He believed in the great Corsican. He did not think, as some historians seem to think, that Napoleon was simply a destroyer. He understood that Napoleon was a builder. He understood that it took the genius of this mighty man to topple over the corrupt monarchies of Europe, so that the people might build up in their place the free governments that have since come in. He wrote most eloquently of Napoleon. I say I think his "Life of Napoleon" is the best that I have read. His pamphlet on "Ancient Civilization" is most

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

interesting; likewise his "Brief Story of the House of Hapsburg."

The greatest description of the battle and battlefield of Waterloo to be found in literature is, of course, that written by Victor Hugo in "Les Misérables." I think the next best is the book on "The Battle of Waterloo" by THOMAS E. WATSON; and it is significant, Mr. President, that in France this book, as well as the "Story of France," to which I shall in a moment refer, has been translated and has been used as a textbook in the schools of France; so that our late colleague's fame has spread beyond his own country.

I read his "Sketches from Roman History." I suspect that every Senator is familiar with that rather easy, sometimes not altogether accurate, but beautifully flowing history written by Abbott. His "Sketches of Roman History" are not unlike the Abbott stories—biographical largely, but most interesting and well written. He also wrote a novel with which I am not familiar, but I am told that that is literature worth while—"Bethany: A Story of the Old South."

I picked up and was rereading "The Story of France." Let Senator WATSON speak for a moment. He is talking about liberty. I am reading this because I think it is literature, not because I am seeking to pronounce an encomium upon a late colleague.

Talking about the principles of liberty, he said:

Wise men had conceived them; bold men had proclaimed them; brave men had fought for them; martyrs had died for them.

SENATOR WATSON

That is eloquence, Mr. President.

Failure came upon these principles time and again. No reform ever sprang full armed and irresistible from the head of any political Jove.

* * * * *

There is, and must be, the time of patient planning, of painful culture, and of gradual growth before the harvest field yellows with the ripened results.

That is just a chance paragraph in "The Story of France."

A delightful little book that came from the pen of this prolific author and statesman is his "Life of Jefferson." Just let me catch a paragraph there, where, speaking of Jefferson, he says:

His was the tranquil eminence of the soldier who had fought a good fight, and whose name was honored throughout the world. Liberty, Progress, and Philanthropy were words which could not be uttered anywhere without reminding men of Jefferson. He had done for humanity, for country, for universal improvement, some work which was supremely good—work which envy could not deny nor time deface.

Then another paragraph appealed particularly to me. Speaking of the death of Jefferson, he wrote:

His end came on very gently. The last sickness was not painful; the approach to the valley was gradual and easy. He looked upon death as release from infirmity, escape from weariness and care. The final sleep passed over him like a benediction. It was noon, July 4, 1826, and his thoughts had been upon the day. He had wished to live to see it; had asked during the night of the third if it were yet the Fourth.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

And so, with his latest thought on the birthday of the Republic, the great, warm heart grew cold, and the tired hands found rest.

I hold here another one of Senator WATSON'S books, most of which I have read, "The Life and Speeches of Thomas E. Watson." I think this man at his best was a great orator, not only a contributor to permanent literature, but he had graces of speech quite unusual. I will read a paragraph from a speech delivered in his young manhood, at the time when he was a member of the legislature of his State, just a paragraph from his address at the memorial of Alexander H. Stephens. I think it is great literature. He said in part of Alexander H. Stephens:

In southern history there has been no completer character than his. Do we look for truth and honor? No falsehood ever soiled the purity of those proud lips, and through the vices of life he had walked with robes that gathered no stain. Do we look for heroism? It is brave to combat the prejudices of our own people. He had done so. It is brave to side with the weak, the oppressed, the friendless. He had done so. * * *

The great Commander had sounded the recall, and this veteran was on his return, with the laurel upon his brow, the olive leaf in his hand, victory upon his head, and peace in his heart. He had gone out into the grain fields of life. He had reaped in the freshness of morning, in the heat of midday, and amid the slanting rays of the afternoon; but as evening came on, the old man's hand had grown feeble and tired, and he was coming home, his arms full of golden sheaves. The Master, coming, found him ready, his house in order. Never was the silver cord more gently loosed. Never was the golden bowl more softly broken.

SENATOR WATSON

He fell on sleep like a child weary and worn. Great Nature, the common mother, holds him tenderly to her bosom. When he shall awaken, it is inspiring to believe that he shall greet the morning in a land where there is no night, where the skies are undimmed by a cloud, where the feet bleed upon no pathway of stones, and the head wears no crown of thorns.

That, Mr. President, I think is a part of the abiding literature of eloquence in this country. I read now a brief statement by a great author of the South, John Temple Graves, concerning this man :

The publicist remains, leader of lost causes, focal of faction, and center of economic storms. He has fought his brave battle, with unbroken courage and with unfailing eloquence, to their armed armistice or to the predestined end. He has rebuked temptation, refused every compromise of principle, turned his back upon the glittering promises of office which were set for his return to the rank of the dominant faction, and with a consistency pledged in sacrifice and maintained in heroic isolation he has kept the faith of his advocacies and followed his convictions to successive stakes of martyrdom.

Through loneliness, misunderstanding, and misrepresentation, TOM WATSON has not faltered in fidelity to the cause and the people adopted as his own 12 years ago.

And he has rarely won. Never but once in his battle-scarred career has victory perched upon his banners, or the flags of his faith over a triumphant field. His eloquence has been praised, his logic has been lauded, his consistency has been conceded, and his splendid courage has wrung tribute from his sternest foes. But by the world's standards, which are selfish and material, he must be measured as a defeated man—a baffled warrior—who has nearly always failed.

* * * * *

The defeated publicist, sitting for ten years desolate by his hearthstone, working out in solitude and patient

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

honesty the strong convictions of his faith, goes forth with high courage and heroic zeal to fight. Great odds are piled against him. Slander stabs his name; scornful ridicule assails; money mocks his eloquence; friends fall away; comrades turn traitors in a night; bitterness blurs his battles; the ranks are hostile that were once his friends, and on the final field where he has staked and lost in dauntless sincerity his patriot sympathies, and his brave beliefs, night falls in failure and darkens in defeat.

* * * * *

But the patient publicist, struggling in darkness and defeat, has wrought like the tapestry weavers that work across the sea—worked on the wrong side, maybe, but worked for the right side aye. Parties that scorned him once are absorbing now his creeds; platforms that mocked him are marking his principles in planks that plead; and the people persuaded so often to defeat him and deny are awaking at last to see that his warning was wisdom and that his signal was the safety of the State. (*Sam Jones and Tom Watson, by John Temple Graves, in the Atlanta Georgian.*)

These eloquent words were written by John Temple Graves before TOM WATSON'S vindication and victory had come at the hands of the people of Georgia by his election to the United States Senate.

Nearly half the time the flag yonder is at half-mast. One week ago the House held memorial services for two of its distinguished Members whose lives had gone out, spent in the Nation's service. Next Sunday the Senate will pay tribute to three of its Members, and to-day we meet to lay a flower on the grave of this eloquent son of Georgia. These events should remind us all of the uncertainties of life and the importance of

SENATOR WATSON

right living. Dangers threaten the Republic; the character of our citizenship is our shield and buckler, a character founded on industry to produce, a thrift to save, an optimism to cheer, patriotism to exalt, honesty to live by, and firm faith to die by.

Let us so live that when our summons comes to join—

The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Address by Senator Dial

Of South Carolina

MR. PRESIDENT: The late Senator WATSON, of Georgia, and I were born in adjoining States. When I was a young man I first heard of the Senator and had the pleasure of meeting him in 1893 while he was in Congress. He having been born in the country, and being a country lawyer, the same profession to which I belonged, I was naturally interested in his career.

The times that he has passed through have been changing and somewhat turbulent, and he was a noted exponent of these changing conditions and opinions of our people. In fact, he was a leader in many respects. While small in stature and somewhat frail, his mind was exceedingly strong, he was bright and active. I might say he was a fighter from the beginning for the right as he saw it.

I did not agree with many of his political views, yet it always afforded me pleasure to say that he was conscientious in what he advocated. He had a strong, a deep, and a sincere interest in his fellow man. Truly, he was extremely human. His affections were strong and his dislikes were not dissimilar. He worshiped his friends. In private conversation he was as deferential as a lady. We had many friends in common.

He was a champion of the rights of the masses. His friends in my State were numbered by the

thousands. He was a great power in his State, and his influence was felt for a third of a century in making and unmaking political fortunes. There were times, perhaps, when he could not have been elected to office himself, but his influence was exceedingly potent in making his friends successful. He was a balance of power in Georgia for many years and at last the people of that State honored him with the cherished dream of his life—a seat in the United States Senate.

His accomplishment as a writer and historian has been dwelt upon by others and it is not necessary for me to speak of his great ability in those lines. His newspaper was one of the liveliest that has been published in the South for many years, and had an extremely wide circulation, especially among the rural population, and was looked upon by many people as next to their gospel. I will say that it is exceedingly remarkable and exceptional that a man raised in this country should have written such complete histories of France and of Napoleon—volumes that have been considered among the best in the world. Some of his other works are also among the foremost of our time. I will mention also that after he came to the Senate it was truly inspiring to sit in the cloakroom and hear him go into details about historical events of all ages. He was one of the best posted of living men on these subjects.

It was not my good fortune to know him intimately in his home life, but after he came to Washington it was a pleasure to know Mrs. Watson, a truly lovable, yet retiring and modest lady

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

of the "old school" of the South. She is a distinctive representative in the mind of what we call true southern womanhood. Her patience and untiring efforts to aid her husband in acquiring his ambition was indeed inspiring.

When the Members of this Congress left Washington for their homes last September, none of us realized that before the fast traveling trains could bear us to our destinations one of the Members of this body, Hon. THOMAS E. WATSON, of Georgia, would be called away.

Death is full of awe and most harrowing under all circumstances. When we stand by the side of some loved one and watch the cold hand of eternity stealthily reach out and take one away we are appalled and often heartbroken, but far greater is the shock when the summons comes suddenly and without warning. This was the case with Senator WATSON. His colleagues in this Chamber had known for some time that he was not a well man but none expected his death so soon.

I was a member of the party appointed by the President of this body to attend the funeral services of Senator WATSON at his home in Georgia. I can truthfully say that during my entire lifetime I have scarcely ever seen so large an assemblage of citizens, men and women alike, as was present in the little town of Thomson when Senator WATSON's remains were laid to rest in his beloved Georgia soil. The outpouring was large and the grief and distress shown sincere. Citizens of all kinds

SENATOR WATSON

had come from far and near to look for the last time upon the human form of their departed friend. During that day a gentleman told me Senator WATSON had helped him on numerous occasions—in fact, had almost forced help upon him—and his only objection was that the Senator would not allow him to reciprocate. This illustrates the unselfishness of our departed friend and colleague.

The simple funeral ceremonies conducted at the grave of our departed colleague were strictly in keeping with his life—without show or pretense. As he had lived, so he died.

Senator WATSON was hoping to go home until within a few hours of his death. Almost the last words he spoke were to ask if the plans had been made, and when told that they had been, he turned over and went to sleep. Thus he went home.

Verily, we are traveling on the wings of time. Indeed, it is at a speed that none of us may count, and to-day, as we gather here to pay our humble tribute to the memory of our deceased colleague, we must be reminded that all must soon be yesterdays.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

After days of weary illness our late colleague lay down to dream. He heard the great clear call:

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

Out on the great uncharted sea he went. But above the hand of the invisible mariner was guiding him home to his haven of rest.

And so we remember the words of that beautiful song—

As a mother stills her child
Thou canst hush the oceans wild.

As we pass through life we are reminded more and more each day that we should be patient with the faults of others, tolerant of the opinions of others, and charitable to the weaknesses of our fellow man.

Again the poet speaks most eloquently when he says:

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see,
The mercy I to others show
That mercy show to me.

I believe the three great cardinal principles of life to be faith, hope, and charity; faith in the divinity of Christ, hope of a glorious immortality, and charity for all mankind.

Senator WATSON's record has been made as ours must soon be. Swiftly speeding as ebbs out life's little day, let us turn to our colleagues, our friends, our loved ones, yea, the friendless, and with a

SENATOR WATSON

heart mellow with human kindness be prepared to write the great record of life as we and they must do in the fullness of time.

It has been said that adversities and sorrow make us better men, and I believe this is true. As we look upon the seat of our late colleague, now vacated by him, we must fully realize that if we are to carry out to the fullest the Creator's plan of redemption we must daily practice justice, mercy, wisdom, and truth with those with whom we come in contact.

The hard blows we get in the daily give-and-take of life make us not only better able to go about our duties with a sterner purpose and determination, but, at the same time, we are enabled to feel the keen edge of another's woes when the tide of life is running strong against his fortunes.

Let justice, mercy, wisdom, and truth be our daily guides; justice to our fellow man in every relation of life, well established; mercy to cover the frailties and weaknesses of those who fall by the wayside; wisdom to guide us always on the great highways of life, and truth as the beacon light directing us along our course. May these virtues ever be with us.

Lastly, Mr. President, as the snows of winter shall disappear and be succeeded by the brightness of springtime, with all its gladdening verdure, may the sorrows, the vexations, and the troubles of mortal life be followed by a beautiful and glorious immortality, the hope of the Christian world.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Address by Senator Cameron *Of Arizona*

MR. PRESIDENT: We are here to pay our last official respects to the deeds, work, life, and memory of the late junior Senator from Georgia, Hon. THOMAS E. WATSON, my warm personal friend.

It was some thirty years ago, amid the hustle of the West, that I first became acquainted with Senator WATSON, through the newspapers. Later I came to know him by casual acquaintance. We entered the Senate at the same time, our offices were next door, and from that day on we became personal friends and neighbors.

Through this span of years I followed his career with interest; his fighting qualities; his independence; his steady devotion to the principles he advocated. He was a man of action, a whirlwind in execution; often referred to as "that stormy petrel" from Georgia.

We of this side of the Chamber often disagreed with him on partisan measures, but we all admired his courage, his fighting ability, his fairness in debate, his unassuming way in presenting his views of all subjects at issue. Defeat never lessened his energy and determination to carry through; on the contrary, he would marshal his forces and attack from a different position.

Possibly in American political life there is no one who had as many defeats as he. For more

SENATOR WATSON

than thirty years this great self-made Georgian held the balance of political power in that State in the hollow of his hand. Not always could he succeed in elections himself, but his indorsement or disapproval of this or that aspirant for political office spelled success or failure. He did not use this great power for selfish purposes, but through it held those in public trust to a strict accounting to the public; the common man, whose cause he at all times championed.

Much personal abuse and vilification, wholly undeserved, was heaped upon his long and useful life. He was well aware of this and felt it keenly, yet he never swayed from his course. Complete personal and political independence was the shining element of his life, and this consistent independence made his enemies admire him, and his friends and followers all the more zealous to follow his leadership. Party lines meant nothing to him when contrary to promises and pledges to his friends and followers. He cared not for the party whip or pressure of ruthless propaganda.

His great public service is a matter of record. To his State and to the country he has contributed no small part in many pieces of progressive legislation. To literature, especially history, he gave volumes which rank with the highest; to the home he gave the genuine devotion so characteristic of the good old southern stock.

In the death of Senator THOMAS E. WATSON this Chamber lost a most valuable Member; the country a great public servant; his State one of the

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

greatest of its favorite sons. No one can properly eulogize this great leader whose life was so different, whose death brings to a close a stormy, dramatic, and useful career of a great American.

SENATOR WATSON

Address by Senator Heflin *Of Alabama*

MR. PRESIDENT: The Senator from Ohio [Mr. Willis] has reminded us that Death is no respecter of persons. That is literally true. He visits the humble in the cabins of the poor and the proud and haughty in the palaces of the rich. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, he visits them all. He touches his dreamless slumber to their eyelids and they fall asleep.

The lithe figure that we saw moving in this Chamber and the clarion voice that we heard ringing silvery in this Hall just a little while ago are gone. The brave and brilliant Senator from Georgia has answered his last roll call, made his last speech, voted here his last time, and upon his activities as a devoted, gifted, and learned lawmaker the curtain has gone down forever.

I realize that nothing we may say can affect him now. No tribute of speech, no pæan of praise can break that deep repose that curtains 'round his pulseless heart. But we owe it to his memory, to the things that he accomplished, to the good that he has done, and to the living who loved him, to say something about the things that occupied his mind and warmed his heart while living.

Born just four years prior to the war between the States he was only nine years old when the starry cross of the Confederacy went down. His father, a brave Confederate soldier, twice

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

wounded at the battle front in the thick of the fight, came home to find the old order gone, his slaves freed, and the devastated South in the throes of grave financial and economic distress.

Senator WATSON's father and thousands of other slaveholders and landowners in the South found themselves confronted with the ghastly problems of poverty where they had not long before reveled in the plenitude of prosperity. It was in that new, unpromising, and hard order of things that Senator WATSON as a boy of 10 found himself envired as he struggled for an education.

He was just 17 years old when the "made-to-order panic" of 1873 came to rob and curse our people. TOM WATSON, a brave and brilliant boy in his teens, felt keenly the evil effects of the 1873 conspiracy of certain conscienceless financiers to contract the currency and produce a panic.

Long after he had overcome the difficulties that had thus been thrown in his way as a boy, and at a time when he wore the laurel wreaths of triumph, one day in writing about the difficulties that confronted him and the hardships that he had endured in his youth time, he said: "At last came the panic of 1873, and when the smoke cleared from that financial Waterloo my father was one of those who was stretched upon the field."

Mr. President, the situation was not at all promising for young WATSON. Is it any wonder, then, that the distinguished journalist, Walter Wellman, years later, in the Review of Reviews, should say, "Who can withhold admiration from a man who has fought his way through all kinds of obstacles

SENATOR WATSON

to success—who has run the race heavily handicapped from the first, and won?”

Senator WATSON won financial comfort, business success, fame as a lawyer, writer, orator, and statesman.

He had been, indeed, a poor country boy battling amidst embarrassing difficulties and privations in his efforts to make a living and get an education, but the interesting and thrilling thing in it all is he triumphed. He who had worn the humble garments of poverty and he who had walked the flinty paths of human hardship as a boy fought on and on until success smiled upon his efforts and he stood resplendent in the glow of his own proud achievements.

While yet in his teens he taught school out in the country for about two years and made barely money enough to pay his board. In one of his books he tells us that it was during that time, when he lived in their homes, ate their food, slept in their beds, and learned of their hard lot, that he became deeply interested in the problems of the poor and resolved to do something to improve their condition. From that time on till death called him home he never lost an opportunity to champion the cause of the common man and to demand for the struggling poor a fair chance in the race of life.

He taught school in the daytime and studied law at night, not by a lamp or candle light but, to use his own language, “The blaze of a fat pine knot lighted the pages of Blackstone.”

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

When he was admitted to the bar and started into the practice of the law he had in money, all told, only \$6.50. His first year in the practice brought him in cash only \$212.

Mr. President, he knew what it was to endure hardships, to work and dream and plan and wait. All the while he was gathering useful information from printed page and storing his mind with useful knowledge.

The privations that he experienced and over which he triumphed, and the difficulties that he surmounted, have been helpful signboards along the rugged way and beacon lights in the clouded sky of many a determined struggling boy along the road of life. And in the years to come, when times are hard and things go wrong and progress seems so slow, boys will find inspiration and courage in the fact that this brilliant and distinguished United States Senator from the State of Georgia once walked the same hard and lonely path and experienced the same privations, and yet with the battle-ax of his dogged determination, reenforced by the knowledge that he as a student had acquired, he broke down the obstacles that stood in his path and made his way to eminent success.

The first thing he did as a young lawyer when he commenced to earn money for himself was to buy for his father and mother the old home and the old plantation that they had lost during the panic of 1873. He was hard pressed to make the payments, but he made them. Thus we see TOM WATSON in the morning of his young manhood giving the first fruits of his labor to his dear old father and

SENATOR WATSON

mother. The love that he displayed on that occasion and the beautiful and tender solicitude shown for his poor parents then stamped him as a man of noble heart and as a man of heroic mold. The experiences that came to him personally on the plains of poverty and the lessons that he learned in the school of hardships acquainted him as nothing else could with the hard problems of the country's struggling poor. They left an impress upon his brilliant mind and upon his big, generous, and sympathetic heart that remained with him through life.

His deep desire to do something to bless and benefit the poor and needy, to better the condition of the toiling masses, impelled him to write and speak through the years of his busy and eventful life for justice and fair play for them.

In season and out he demanded for them a fair chance in the struggle for existence. Years ago, on one occasion when he was sick, he gave a clear insight to the longings of his great heart when he wrote these lines:

I long to do something worthy of what is best in my nature. I long to fight a good fight for justice, for better laws, for beneficent institutions, for conditions that are more equitable, for a fairer distribution of the bounties and blessings of nature and human industry.

Noble prayer beautifully expressed.
Again, he said:

Public life allured me. To be a tribune of the people, leading them upward and onward, cheered by their applause, made happy by the blessings of those whom my

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

life work elevated and benefited, seemed to me the noblest task I could undertake.

His heart was full of human love and human sympathy. He wanted to labor in the field where he could serve the most people and do the most good.

He was wonderfully well equipped for public service. This great student was familiar with the story of every important political problem of the past. He was intimately acquainted with the history of every Government on the globe. Time and again he called to the attention of his countrymen the causes that brought political oppression and the loss of human liberty to other nations, as he urged his own country to profit by their example. To the day of his death he stood with flaming sword on the dividing line 'twixt church and state, preaching the gospel of single allegiance to the Stars and Stripes, and holding aloft the banner of whole-hearted Americanism.

He was a great admirer of Thomas Jefferson and a strong believer in his doctrine, and no man with whom I have ever served in Congress could quote more freely, more accurately, and more appropriately from his writings than could this brilliant and distinguished son of Georgia.

He was himself a fascinating writer—a master of beautiful and trenchant English. His *Life of Jefferson* and his *Life of Jackson* and his *Story of the Old South*, in a book called “Bethany,” are all wonderfully interesting. He probably achieved a larger measure of fame as an author in his *Life of Napoleon* and his *History of the French People*

SENATOR WATSON

than in anything else that he has written. A few years ago Congressman John L. Burnett, of Alabama, was on an immigrant commission touring the Old World, and he spent some time in Paris. He went into the Public Library there and asked for a history of the French people and of Napoleon, saying that he did not have long to stay, and he wanted the very best work they had, and the librarian handed him WATSON, of America, on Napoleon, and the History of the French People.

Not only that, Mr. President, but we are told that these two comprehensive and wonderfully clever and instructive productions of TOM WATSON's pen have been adopted as textbooks in the schools by the people of France.

Let me read to you what he said about why he wrote some of the books that bear his name as author:

The Story of France grew out of some sketches which were written for my paper in Atlanta, Ga. The purpose was to show how class legislation and the greed of the few had wrecked the French monarchy and caused the Revolution, just as I believe they will wreck our own Republic unless checked by measures of peaceful reform.

In the Jefferson book the purpose was to show upon what principles a genuine government of the people, as contrasted to a government of the privileged few, must be founded. All the lovers of class rule go back to Hamilton; all the upholders of a government of the people, by and for the people, get their creed, so far as this Republic is concerned, from Jefferson.

As to Napoleon, he is beyond all comparison the most fascinating figure in history, and the study of the career of the charity schoolboy, who fought his way in modern Europe to a pinnacle from which he made thrones his

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

footstools, carried its own reward. Besides, his career affords the most striking illustration of what can be done under modern conditions by giving intelligent direction to the democratic impulses of a nation. As long as Napoleon was content to represent the aspirations which the French Revolution had awakened he was irresistible. But when he again united the church with the state his strength began to wane.

After serving one term in Congress, some thirty years ago, he retired for a time from active participation in politics and devoted his splendid talents to the pleasing task—for pleasing it was to him—of writing books. What a fund of valuable information he possessed. What a treasure house of Watsonian literary gems sparkled in his brilliant mind. I will use his own language to express the exquisite pleasure that came to him as he sat in his library at Hickory Hill in Georgia writing books that brought him fame as an author. He expressed genuine joy at being once more alone with his books, and then he said there came a feeling of rapture to him as “the long shining lines of thought swept before his mental vision and as he felt the thrill and ecstasy born of creative composition.” He tells us that there in his library he called around him “the serene companionship of great authors, breathed the atmosphere of the past, entered into the lives, the hopes, the struggles, the sufferings of the sublime reformers to whose courage and sacrifice we owe all that makes the world tolerable, all that gives us liberty of person, of conscience, of speech.”

He was at home amidst the literary masters of the past and delighted to revel in the lore of ages

SENATOR WATSON

long gone. But, Mr. President, neither his attainments as a scholar nor his fame as an author ever prevented him from using his pen and lifting his voice in behalf of the plain people that he loved so well. Let me read to you briefly from his story on "Corn-Planting Time in Georgia." His description of the scene presented is natural and beautiful, and his appeal for the farmer and his family is tender and pathetic—

Down the furrow and up the furrow, down to the woods and up to the fence—there they go, the sturdy plowman and his much-enduring but indispensable mule.

On moves the plowman, steady as a clock, silent and reflective.

* * * * *

The mocking bird circles and swoops from tree to tree, and in his matchless bursts of varied song no cadence is wanting, no melody missed.

* * * * *

On such a day, such a cloudless, radiant, flower-sweetened day, the horseman slackens the rein as he rides through lanes and quiet fields; and he dares to dream that the children of God once loved each other.

On such a day one may dream that the time might come when they would do so again.

Rein in and stop, here on this high hill! Look north, look east where the sun rises, look south, look west where the sun sets—on all sides the steady mule, the steady plowman, and the children dropping corn.

Close the eye a moment and look at the picture fancy paints. Every field in Georgia is there, every field in the South is there. And in each the figures are the same—the steady mule and the steady man, and the pattering feet of the children dropping corn.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

In these furrows lies the food of the Republic; on these fields depend life and health and happiness.

Halt those children and see how the cheek of the world would blanch at the thought of famine!

Paralyze that plowman—and see how national bankruptcy would shatter every city in the Union.

* * * *

Great is the might of this Republic! Great in its schools, churches, courts, legislatures; great in its towns and cities; great in its commerce; great in its manufactures; great in its colossal wealth.

But sweep from under it all these worn and wasted fields, strike into idleness or death the plowman, his wife and his child, and what becomes of the gorgeous structure whose foundation is his field?

* * * *

And hard, indeed, would be the heart that, knowing what these people do and bear and suffer, yet would not fashion this prayer to the favored of the Republic: "O rulers, lawmakers, soldiers, judges, bankers, merchants, editors, lawyers, doctors, preachers, bondholders, be not so unmindful of the toil and misery of those who feed you!"

He lived close to the heart of nature. The little things, the main things, that make up the life of the average or normal man and woman appealed powerfully to him. No one could describe the most attractive things in nature more vividly or more beautifully than he. Let me read to you his little prose poem tribute to the "Rain Drop":

The raindrop slips from the cloud above, sinks into the soil where the seed lies buried and says to it, "I am the resurrection and the life"; trickles onward through field and forest, seeking the brook, and with the brook journeys onward, loitering in the eddy, leaping in the

SENATOR WATSON

cascade, and faring onward until it reaches the great blue sea, from which it is lifted by the white hand of the mists back to its home in the clouds, to start once more from the skies with its message to every seed of grass and grain and flower, "I am the resurrection and the life."

No one but a person with the beautiful vision of a poet and the rare genius of a literary master could be the author of that splendid literary gem.

Mr. President, nearly 20 years ago he was nominated for President of the United States by the National People's Party, and the peroration of his acceptance speech was magnificent. It was eloquent and beautiful. I will read it to you:

In Rome the preservation of the fire was given a sacred character; a temple was built for the service, and those who were set apart to feed the flame were consecrated as to a religious duty.

Pure young women were chosen as guardian angels of the sacred fire, and if one of these vestal virgins lost her own purity or let the light in the temple go out the penalty was death.

Within the temple, night and day, winter and summer, year in and year out, the vestal virgin watched her sacred flame. Roman eagles might be flying to the uttermost ends of the earth; Roman legions might be camping on the distant Rhine or chasing Picts and Scots to the Grampian Hills or forming lines of battle upon the Euphrates—but in the temple at Rome would be found the eternal fire, with the vestals feeding it night and day.

If the light went out in the house of any Roman—rich or poor, country or town—he was not left in darkness. Straightway he betook himself to the temple and lit his torch at the fire which the vestals had kept alive.

And all over the broad dominions of Rome there was never a fear of universal darkness, for they knew that if one vestal fell away from duty another would take her

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

place, and that vestals might come and vestals go but the light would shine forever.

Oh, my countrymen, each of us is a temple; within each of us was lit the sacred fire; within each of us are the better angels of our nature, whose eternal vigilance is need to keep the temple purer and the light trimmed and burning. As it is with the individual, so it is with the Nation. The grandeur of the Republic must always rest upon the nobility of the citizen.

Does the sacred fire burn low within me? Then woe unto me, for I have lessened the Nation's splendor. Has the light gone out of your life? Then woe unto you, for the Nation has lost a part of its glory.

To every man and woman who has listened to this address, to every man and woman who shall hereafter read it, I appeal.

Consecrate the temple; keep pure and perpetual the vestal service; for it is moral death to the individual to neglect the fire; it is moral death to the Nation to lose the light.

That peroration breathes a lofty and wholesome sentiment. He was a wonderfully well-informed man. He had been a great student and he was a great scholar. He seemed to remember everything that he had ever read. As was said of the able and brilliant Senator Morgan, of Alabama, "his mind was wax to receive and marble to retain."

He had his faults. Who has not? He made mistakes. Who makes no mistakes seldom makes anything. While I had disagreed with some of the positions that he had taken during his political career, I always admired his frankness, his courage, and his wonderfully brilliant intellect, and his abiding friendship for the masses always appealed greatly to me. I had read a great many things that he had written, and although I lived in a State

adjoining his I had never seen him until he came here as a Senator from the great State of Georgia. I came to the Senate just three months before he did, having been elected to fill out the unexpired term of Senator John H. Bankhead. I was in the midst of the most difficult and stupendous fight in which I ever engaged as a national legislator.

I was convinced that the deflation policy inaugurated by Republican leaders in 1920 and carried out under the direction of Governor Harding, head of the Federal Reserve Board here in Washington, was the result of a conspiracy in which certain Wall Street bond sharks, financiers, and speculators were criminal participants, and I had resolved to acquaint Congress with the facts of deflation as I found them and to expose and condemn those whom I believed to be guilty of reprehensible conduct.

I was in the first stages of the long and strenuous fight when Senator WATSON arrived in the Senate. From the beginning he was heartily with me on the stand that I had taken, and during the first two or three days of his service here he came over to my desk, shook my hand, and said with deep earnestness, "Senator Heflin, you are right in this matter, and I want to commend you for the fight you are making. I am going to help you as soon as I feel a little better." In a few days I was again discussing the matter, and he arose and interrupted me with a very helpful suggestion. And from then on, until Congress adjourned on September 22, 1922, he made valuable contributions to the cause.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Among other things, I was charging the Federal Reserve Board with having permitted the Reserve Bank of New York to appropriate \$25,000,000 to build a bank palace in that city, several million dollars of which should have gone to the Government in the form of a franchise tax, and it would have gone into the Federal Treasury as a franchise tax if the Federal Reserve Board had not permitted it to be turned over for the questionable purposes to which it was shamefully applied.

I had been calling attention to the necessity of protecting the Government against such extravagance and graft in the future and to the advisability of amending the law so as to limit the amount of money that could be appropriated in the future for the construction of Federal reserve bank buildings. He had assisted in passing the amendment which did that. He arose and said:

Mr. President, the country will be astounded at the profligate waste of public money in these banks. My colleague [Mr. Harris] introduced the amendment designed to place a check upon the extravagance of these regional banks, and it is one of the best pieces of practical legislation that I have seen put through Congress.

The amendment of Senator Harris was adopted. It provided that no Federal reserve bank could hereafter appropriate more than \$250,000 for the construction of any bank building unless it should first obtain the consent of Congress.

We were getting practical results from our fight on the strange, loose, and unbusinesslike conduct of the Federal Reserve Board. Time and again I had criticised Governor Harding, of the Federal

SENATOR WATSON

Reserve Board, for permitting loans to be made to the cotton and grain speculators of New York, while he was refusing to permit loans to be made to farmers, merchants, and bankers in the South and West. It was during one of these discussions that Senator WATSON arose and said:

Mr. President, in the Atlanta Constitution of October 9, 1920, there appeared on the front page large headlines relating to an interview given out by Governor Harding at Birmingham. A subheadline reads as follows:

“Governor Harding emphatically states that the bank [Federal reserve] is not an institution for lending money to farmers.”

An official connected with the department of agriculture of Georgia had gone to Birmingham and pleaded with Governor Harding for loans to the farmers of my State. He was told, and the fact was published abroad, that the farmers need not expect any help from the Federal Reserve Board. The very next day cotton broke and went down 114 points. My colleague [Mr. Harris] knows as well as any Senator here knows the disastrous effect upon the material condition of our people by this repeated, continued, distressing policy of contraction, and he knows that our people to-day are in the depth of despair, hardly knowing which way to turn for some gleam of hope.

He fully appreciated the distress and suffering that deflation had brought upon the people of his State and he bitterly denounced those who were responsible for the crime. On February 9, last year, when I was discussing a certain phase of the subject, he arose and said:

Mr. President, right there I will state for the information of the Senator [Mr. Heflin] that there was a citizen of Georgia who took \$10,000 in Liberty bonds to Atlanta

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

not long ago in the hope of borrowing money on them. He could not borrow one dollar. At that very time, however, such bonds were being bought in New York as rapidly as they could be put upon the market. I suggest to the Senator that the very policy which forced the remote banks to refuse to lend on Liberty bonds but which allowed money to be loaned for their purchase in New York naturally tended to depreciate their value in the agricultural States and forced them to sale in New York.

Mr. President, in describing the robbing process employed to destroy prosperity and produce distress and suffering among the people of the South and West I mentioned the fact that thousands of people had been driven to suicide by the cruel and distracting ravages of deflation and I referred to it as "murderous deflation." When I had finished, Senator WATSON arose and among other things said:

* * * The Senator from Alabama [Mr. Heflin] used the word "murderous," and that term is not too strong, for, indeed, that policy has caused men to murder themselves, and God only knows how many men have been driven to crimes that resulted in murder by the remorseless policy of the Federal Reserve Board.

Again, when I was discussing another phase of the subject, he came to my aid and said:

A few days ago there was brought to me from the reception room a card bearing the name of Mr. Will Kendrick, of Mayfield, Ga., a business man whom I have known for many years. My colleague [Mr. Harris] perhaps knows him. He is a worthy gentleman and entirely trustworthy. Among other things which he told me, showing conditions in Georgia, was this: His son-in-law, a large farmer, found it necessary to run his farm on a

SENATOR WATSON

basis of 15 plows less than he had been doing. That left him with 15 surplus mules, which, of course, he wanted to sell. There being no local demand for mules, he shipped them to Atlanta—a carload of mules. They were sold, and his net return from that carload of mules, which cost him \$150 apiece two or three years ago, was less than \$1 apiece for the mules, the net return being \$12.50.

Mr. President, while I was excoriating the criminal deflationists he discussed with me in private conversation time after time the terrible conditions that deflation had brought upon our people, and he always manifested the deepest interest and the keenest sympathy for those who had been literally robbed by deflation.

When loans were denied them and their products were forced upon the market and sold at a price far below the cost of production, he knew that there was no necessity or justification for deflation, and he had the courage to strongly condemn those who planned it, brought it about, and made millions out of it, while they produced distress, poverty, and suffering amongst millions of American people.

Mr. President, for many years he published a weekly newspaper, and week after week his paper fairly bristled with interesting lines from his pungent pen.

Thousands and tens of thousands of people in Georgia and adjoining States read his paper, and thousands and tens of thousands became his devoted admirers and faithful followers.

They called him the sage of McDuffie and the tribune of the common people. The demands for

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

him to speak at different points in the State were insistent and incessant. His appearance on the hustings in his State was the signal for the outpouring of the people by the thousands. Through his weekly paper and his speeches on the hustings he so aroused and captivated the masses of the people of Georgia that he became the most powerful single factor in the political affairs of his State.

For a quarter of a century he was the intrepid and invincible spirit guiding the tide of political battle in the proud old Commonwealth of Toombs and Hill and Stephens. He was long called the stormy petrel of Georgia politics.

It is an open secret that for years and years every man elected to the office of governor in the State of Georgia pointedly proclaimed his friendship for the sage of McDuffie and made it his business to boast everywhere that he had TOM WATSON's support. The once poor, obscure country boy was now politically the foremost citizen in the State. In 1920 his beloved Georgia laid upon his brow the laurel wreath of her affectionate regard when she gave him her vote for President of the United States. This expression of admiration, confidence, and esteem touched him deeply. While we knew, of course, that he could not then be nominated as the Democratic candidate for President, he was sincerely grateful for the honor done him; but deep down in his soul there had long been the desire to be a Democratic United States Senator from the State of Georgia. Honors fell thick and fast upon him then, and when that honor came it was the climax and crowning glory of his political

SENATOR WATSON

ambition, and his cup of joy was full and running over.

Mr. President, during his long, active, and stormy career there was one who kept sweet vigil in the home circle—one whose love-lighted watch fire burned beautifully and faithfully through the years for him—his noble and devoted wife. He dedicated one of his books to her in the following language:

To Miss GEORGIA DURHAM:

In whose pure affection and loyal soul a briefless young lawyer found favor in the good year 1877, and who not so very long afterwards became Mrs. Thomas E. Watson, and who has ever since walked the long path by his side, through health and through sickness, through joy and through sorrow, through sunlight and through the tempest, with the unfaltering devotion of the typical wife, and who now turns with him to face the afternoon of life without any sort of fear, and with the peace of soul that passes understanding.

Again, he said:

I am never so happy as when let alone by the outside world and left to the enjoyment of my own fireside and the companionship of my old sweetheart, whom I wooed and won when a poor and almost friendless boy.

TOM WATSON, like Cæsar and Thomas Carlyle, when reading or writing could not endure such a noise as the crowing of a cock. When I visited Hickory Hill, the home of Senator WATSON, on the sad occasion of his funeral, I went into his magnificent library and sat in the chair that he occupied as he wrote his *Life of Napoleon* and the *History of the French People*, and this beautiful

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

little story was told to me about his thoughtful, devoted, and faithful wife: It was said that as he used to sit in his library and read and write the English sparrows would gather in the trees about the yard and chatter, to his great annoyance. His wife would sit in the yard and sew or knit or read, and she would throw stones into the trees to keep the birds away, and she kept the roosters from coming up and crowing near the library. That was the work of his old sweetheart contributing her part. Who knows just how much she did contribute to the writing of his great books by making things comfortable and pleasant for him during all that time?

One who knew Senator WATSON and Mrs. Watson well in their home life told me that she was his inspiration and good angel through all the years of their married life. Mr. President, I well remember when he came to Washington accompanied by Mrs. Watson and his two lovely granddaughters. There were two other persons from his home who belonged to his newspaper staff in Georgia, and Miss Orr, who came to be associated with him in the same work which was carried on here, and also to be members of his official force in his service as United States Senator from Georgia. I refer to Mrs. Lytle and Grover Edmondson, who are still carrying on the publication of his popular paper—the Columbia Sentinel.

I saw him go down the aisle with the senior Senator from Georgia, my good friend Senator Harris, to whom he later became devotedly attached, and take the oath of a United States Sena-

SENATOR WATSON

tor from the State of Georgia. I saw these galleries thronged with people who were eagerly looking down and asking to have TOM WATSON pointed out to them. You could hear them say, so the guides tell us, "He is the author of the greatest history of Napoleon and the French people ever written; we want to see him." All eyes were upon him, and when he came back to his seat the Democrats gathered around him and shook his hand and congratulated him. His face was wreathed with smiles. He was happy.

Through privations and poverty; through difficulties and disappointments; through the stress and storm of fierce political battles he had come triumphant. His dream had come true. His greatest ambition had been gratified. He immediately took up the duties of his office, and from the beginning handled them as one long accustomed to service in the Senate.

As Napoleon said, "One ages rapidly on the battle field." It was plain to us all that the long and strenuous battles that Senator WATSON had fought had drawn heavily upon his physical vitality. He was not in good health when he came here. But that did not keep him away from his post of duty. He was here day after day except when he was too feeble to come. Mr. President, he took a special interest in me and the work that I was doing here. He was my devoted friend, and I had learned to appreciate the noble qualities of his great mind and heart, and had come to be very fond of him. I miss him and I mourn with those who loved him.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

He was here, although very feeble, on the last day of the session, when Congress adjourned September 22, 1922, and four days from that time he told the nurse who attended him in his last illness that he believed he was near the journey's end, and "was not afraid to die." The death angel came for him that night, and he went away to the spirit world.

I want to read to you a beautiful prayer and a beautiful sentiment written by him at the beginning of the new year, 1922:

Deal gently with us in the new year, Father Time—
Give us strength to bear the cross, for we know that we must bear it;
Give us courage for the battle, for we know that we must fight it;
Give us patience to endure, for we know that we shall need it;
Give us faith in the right which no defeat can disturb and no discouragement undermine;
Give us the love of truth which no temptation can seduce and no menace can intimidate;
Give us the fortitude which, through the cloud and the gloom and the sorrow of apparent failure, can see the distant pinnacles upon which the everlasting sunlight rests;
Give us the pride which suffers no contamination, no compromise of self-respect, no willful desertion of honest conviction;
Give us the purpose that never turns and the hope that never dies.
And, Father Time, should the new year into which you are taking us have upon its calendar that day in which the few that love us shall be bowed down in sackcloth and ashes, let that day, like all other days, find us on duty, faithful to the end.

SENATOR WATSON

Mr. President, he remained on duty and died at his post when his labors of the session had ended.

In company with other Senators I journeyed with his remains to his last resting place. In every town in Georgia through which we passed the people thronged about the station to get a glimpse of the funeral train, and when we arrived in the little city of Thomson, where he had lived so long and where the people loved him so well, from 15,000 to 20,000 people were there. Everywhere there were banners and badges of mourning.

Those people had come from all over Georgia; come to pay to the memory of their dead chief the tribute of their love. I never saw at the grave of any public man more genuine sorrow, more heartfelt grief than I saw among the people of the State of Georgia at the grave of Senator WATSON. Peace to his ashes. God bless and comfort his loved ones.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Address by Senator Ladd *Of North Dakota*

MR. PRESIDENT: THOMAS E. WATSON did not have to be elected to office to prove his greatness. In many respects he has stood head and shoulders above his fellows as author, writer, historian, and statesman for over a quarter of a century. His sympathy for suffering humanity, plus his natural wisdom and large fund of acquired knowledge—the sequence of his untiring energy and industry—explain the secrets of his success.

The Story of France, The Life of Thomas Jefferson, The Life of Napoleon, The Study and Story of the Old South, The Life and Times of Andrew Jackson are treasure chests into which thousands of readers have dug in the days and years gone by, and they have always come up with hands full of sparkling gems of thought.

A man of strong convictions, possessing a copious vocabulary, he never lacked for the proper word, as orator or writer, to convey his meaning or depict his feelings. He has probably done more than any other man in his day and generation in the way of educating the masses.

One of his outstanding achievements in behalf of the farmers of the Nation was in securing the first appropriation in Congress for free delivery of rural mail. The 44,405 rural mail carriers, who are daily serving the 29,774,516 citizens of the United States, are living monuments to his fore-

SENATOR WATSON

sight and interest in the people in the rural sections of the country, and as a result of the success of the rural system in America thousands of Canadian families are to-day enjoying the blessings of his efforts in this respect.

After having served in 1882-83 as a member of the Georgia House of Representatives, having been elected to that position as a Democrat, WATSON gained national fame by being elected to the National House of Representatives in 1891-1893 as a Populist.

While serving in the House he attracted nationwide attention by his attacks upon the procedure of Congress and the personal habits of many Members. These attacks were responsible for his defeat for reelection in 1892.

Perhaps his outstanding effort as an author was his history of France, which was adopted by the public-school systems of France as a textbook. It has been said that this book was the best story of France that has ever been written. Senator WATSON dearly loved France, her history, and her traditions, although he had never set foot upon her soil.

During the period of his serious writing Senator WATSON was industriously and everlastingly fighting for the common people and their rights under this Government. He established a magazine, Watson's Jeffersonian, which upon its first issue became the most widely circulated political magazine published in the South and one of the most widely circulated in the country. His principal claim through the columns of this magazine was

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

that the Democratic Party, as such, was not functioning in accordance with the principles laid down by Thomas Jefferson. His attacks in this way advanced him to a leading position in Georgia and southern politics among the so-called "common people," whose friend he ever was.

It is known that he never felt the call to serve them in any capacity but that he responded quickly and cheerfully, and threw himself in front and in the midst of every battle. He was a violent and pugnacious fighter—never known to give up—always ready to go to the firing line where he commanded and directed.

By his mental ability and capacity to receive and administer political and economic punishment in his continuous fight for human rights he attracted a personal and political following which later on rewarded the virtue of his position and activities by sending him to the Senate of the United States against the combined efforts of both the Democratic and Republican organizations of Georgia. At the time of his death he commanded the largest personal following in his native State of any politician in that State since the war.

As a serious writer of history Senator WATSON will live for ages after the vast majority of his contemporaries will have been forgotten.

His disbelief in the methods of newspapers of his time caused him to establish papers or magazines of his own, and he had no difficulty through these media in getting his ideas and views before the minds of a multitude of interested and principally sympathetic readers.

SENATOR WATSON

As author, scholar, historian, lawyer, citizen, and statesman THOMAS E. WATSON has left the indelible imprint of his life upon a nation that will gradually learn to love and appreciate his worth.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Address by Senator Caraway *Of Arkansas*

MR. PRESIDENT: I was absent from the city and did not learn until late yesterday afternoon that to-day had been set aside to pay tribute to the memory of the departed Senator from Georgia, THOMAS E. WATSON. I shall therefore make no comment upon the activities that marked his tempestuous career, but confine myself solely to describing the Senator as he was known to me.

I now stand at the desk which has been assigned to me in this body. The one nearest to me on my left is the one that was assigned to the Senator whose memory we honor to-day. I had, therefore, an opportunity to observe him closely and to know him well. I shall attempt, in the few minutes that I shall consume, to leave a picture of him as it is painted in my memory.

In my memory appears a man of medium height; of classic features, with a noble brow; a shock of hair nearly gray; a figure so frail that it seemed impossible that he could last out the day; a skin as pallid as if death had already stilled the pulsing heart; an eye, however, always bright, sometimes beaming with pleasure, and often flashing with righteous anger inspired by the positions of those whom he thought were advocating the wrong; a mouth as tender as a child's or as firm as a Cæsar's.

Senator WATSON was in appearance a remarkable man. No one could have met him and for-

SENATOR WATSON

gotten him. It is doubtful if he ever had to recall his name to anyone who had ever met him, however slight the acquaintance might have been. There was something about him, that indescribable something we call personality, that made all turn to him.

They might have differed with him and did, doubtless, in many views he advocated. They might not always have agreed with the motives they thought inspired him, but no one could have come in personal contact with THOMAS E. WATSON and in his heart of hearts questioned either the sincerity of WATSON or the kindly disposition of his nature.

He has been referred to here to-day as "Fighting Tom Watson," and yet I doubt seriously if any man ever sat in this Chamber who loved peace more, who loved gentleness more, whose heart was more filled with love of humanity and of kindness, than was that of the distinguished Senator whose memory we attempt to honor with these few brief tributes to-day.

It is too near to his going away, however, to form any accurate opinion of what will be the estimate of that generation that comes after us, of those who will be so far removed from the scene of conflict, that with dispassionate judgment they may appraise the activities which so engrossed his time.

I remember reading of the political activities of Senator WATSON when quite a small boy. I remember when those who did not know him ridiculed him, and those who did not understand him

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

condemned him. Yet, even now, while the echoes of his voice in this Chamber are hardly stilled, so recent has been his going, all just men and women say that, looking back through the years, they can mark the sturdy, consistent course that THOMAS E. WATSON traveled. What is more, the things for which he was most condemned, the things for which he was most ridiculed, the things for which he was most hated are the things we now accept.

There was the Ocala platform, written in the State of my distinguished friend, the Senator from Florida. As I now recall, there were 12 demands in the Ocala platform. Those demands were looked upon either as the visionary dream of some irresponsible dreamer or else as the effort of some unpatriotic man to tear down the fabric of this Republic. Yet there is not one of those demands that has not been written into the laws of this land, either in its exact language or some modified form, and many of them are now regarded as conservative, we have progressed so far beyond them.

I recount that only for the purpose of showing that after a while, when we may be able to detach ourselves from the conflicts which raged about him, we may discover that through all the years his was the one mind that held always the true vision, his the one heart that always beat in unison with the great fundamental principles upon which our Government was been founded.

I wish all could have known him. To know him was a revelation to me. I had thought of him as

SENATOR WATSON

a turbulent man, as a man who engaged in conflict for conflict's sake, as a man who reveled in strife and whose heart was embittered with hatred. Yet, looking back over the months he and I sat here side by side in the Senate, I recall never to have heard him utter an unkind word of anyone who lived; I never heard an unchaste expression fall from his lips. He was as sweet, gentle, and courteous as human nature can be, always considerate of those with whom he dealt, always willing, wherever expediency alone was to be consulted, to yield to those who pressed their views upon him; but always, whenever principle was at stake, willing to take up the fight with the strongest.

Looking back over his career, it seems no one can justly point to a time when WATSON ever struck the weak or shunned conflict with the strong. He was willing always to concede to others the right of their convictions; always tolerant of opinions in conflict with his own. Always deferring, as I said, to his friends whenever a question of expediency alone was at stake, but I do not believe even his most carping critics, his bitterest enemies, could point to a single occasion when WATSON surrendered principle in order to advance his own interest. If he had sought only his own advancement, as some at times thought, there was not an office within the gift of the people of the State in which he was born that he could not have had. There was none in Georgia who would not have been glad to call him friend if he had been willing to sacrifice his principles merely

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

to have friends. There was none, however radically he may have differed with him, who had not rather have had him on his side than have him against him, and therefore the knowledge that he did fight, always fought, but always fought for principle, I think should silence every critic and make all pause and meditate if it were not he who carried the true light.

Nothing is gained by fulsome flattery of one whose career is as well known as is that of Senator WATSON. Nothing we can say here will influence what his friends think of him, and I fear there is nothing we can say here that will soften the rancor of his enemies. There is nothing we can say, Mr. President, I am sure, that will help to fix the status of WATSON in the history that shall be written of him in the years that are to come. Therefore all that we do is merely to record our own appreciation of his character. That is the only object I have, to say here these few things that give me that definite and certain and sure impression I have of the great Senator who sat at my left.

With some of his views I did not agree. I thought he was mistaken. I never thought, however, that he was not honest. I never doubted any statement he made where question of fact arose. I never suspected any motive that actuated him. I do not now believe and I do not believe anyone knowing him as I knew him, seeing him as I saw him, believed that any motive that was selfish or mean or little actuated him. He was subject to that infirmity from which all great men have suffered. He had strong likes and dislikes. He pas-

SENATOR WATSON

sionately loved his friends, and I think without disparagement I may say that he equally passionately fought those with whom he had a conflict.

He was strong in his love and strong in his hate, strong in his prejudices and strong in his powers of analysis. As conflicting as that statement may be, until one may be able to reconcile it, he may never appreciate the composite character of THOMAS E. WATSON. He was not just one man. He had many phases. He loved social intercourse. He loved to sit down with his friends in private conversation. He loved the little things that make up life. He loved the little things that made up the lives of children and the people of restricted and narrow experiences. Fate had been unkind to him. The children that God had given him and in whom all his ambitions and his hopes centered God had taken away. He and Mrs. Watson and the little grandchildren were all the family circle left; all who stood within the sacred scope of family love. All the rest of his great heart went out to the people. Irrespective of color, of race, of creed, of position, or lack of it, he embraced all the world in his sympathies, in his hopes, in his dreams, in his aspirations for a future that should be better than anything the world had known.

Now, Mr. President, I felt a real loss when death claimed the distinguished Senator from Georgia. I felt a personal loss. I feel it now. I came to know him only recently. I had not gotten through with getting acquainted with him when death came. Every day some new phase of his many-sided nature was revealed, some new depth of

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

learning that I had not dreamed he possessed; some new side of his always unfolding love for humanity was made manifest. I doubt that anyone who lived knew all his many sides, the many phases of this remarkable man. I believe that I shall never know another with the versatility that he possessed. As the writer of history, as the teller of stories, as the singer of songs, the propagandist, the proposer of legislation, the expounder of theories of government, he was equally at home in all these fields of human endeavor. He was as happy, however, to sit down with the little boys who were pages here on the floor of the Senate and discuss with them the little matter that appealed to them as was he to engage in discussion with the learned and the great. He traveled through all the phases of life, and he loved them all.

And let us hope that now all that perplexed him, all that troubled him, all the heart hunger, all the hopes unrealized, all the dreams unfulfilled are no longer mysteries to him, and that with death came life and with the grave came realizations.

I hope so; I pray so; I believe so. Friend, companion, teacher, philosopher, scholar, statesman for a little while, to thee I gently say "Good night."

SENATOR WATSON

Address by Senator Brookhart *Of Iowa*

MR. PRESIDENT: It was not my privilege to have a personal acquaintance with Senator THOMAS E. WATSON, of Georgia, but his personality and his career were of such a nature that they made an impression upon the entire country. I therefore knew him well even before I lived to serve in his State in the Army during the late war. There, close to his neighborhood, I realized much more keenly the force and the power of that personality.

I also at one time lived for five years in Bloomfield, Iowa, in the home town of Gen. James B. Weaver. General Weaver was the close political associate of THOMAS E. WATSON in the great Populist movement, and was its candidate for the Presidency when that movement was at its height. In that way I learned much of the purposes, platforms, and objects of that great movement.

I will have to admit with the Senator from Ohio [Mr. Willis] that in those days I was a scoffer against those prophets of the progress of our country. As I look back over it now I see things with a different view. The platform mentioned by the Senator from Arkansas [Mr. Caraway] has been fulfilled in every detail and even more. I believe in all 17 major propositions advocated by the Populists of the United States, advocated by Senator WATSON, have now gone either into our statutes or into the Constitution of the United States. Had

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

I known I was to be called upon to speak I should have had them all ready to review. I ask the privilege of inserting them later in my remarks.

I can at this time mention part of them. In addition to rural free delivery, the Australian ballot was a result of that agitation. The interstate commerce act grew out of the Populist movement. Our whole primary-election system, which, in my judgment, is doing more to make this a government of the people, by the people, and for the people than any other development, is likewise due to the Populist movement.

Then I can remember further back when we talked of the power of Congress to levy an income tax. The proposal was considered as radical, and WATSON and Weaver and others of the old pioneer leaders were derided for the radical views which they expressed; and yet that has gone into the Constitution of the United States. I remember when the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people was advocated by them, and that view met with derision and rebuke on the part of the wise statesmen of the generation; but now that is likewise a part of the Constitution of our country. I can remember when they also advocated prohibition and were described as belonging to the class of long-haired men and short-haired women, and yet to-day prohibition is a part of the basic law of our land. I also remember the scornful words which were uttered against them when they spoke in favor of woman suffrage; but that, too, has become a part of our Constitution.

SENATOR WATSON

In conclusion, Mr. President, let me say that to me nothing has occurred in American history more fitting than that the successor to this old Populist leader, THOMAS E. WATSON, should have been the first woman Senator in the Senate of the United States.

Pursuant to the permission given to insert in the Record a review of the measures pioneered and advocated by THOMAS E. WATSON, I here insert extracts from a speech by the Hon. William Jennings Bryan, made at Bloomfield, Iowa, August 15, 1915, upon the occasion of the dedication of the former home of Gen. James B. Weaver as a civic center. While this eulogy is in memory of General Weaver, Senator WATSON had a leading part in the same movement. Mr. Bryan spoke as follows:

First, there was the graduated income tax. Now, I advocated the income tax about 25 years ago, but this was 35 years ago, so that he was 10 years in advance of me in the advocacy of the income tax. I did not advocate the graduated income tax. I commenced to advocate just the flat rate. I had been working along that line and I found there was resistance enough to the flat rate 25 years ago. In fact, I have been called down more for advocating the income tax than any one thing. In fact, when I look back at the measly 2 per cent tax that was cursed so much and now see a graduated income tax such as General Weaver began advocating 35 years ago, I am ashamed of the moderation that characterized me in my policy itself.

He advocated the establishment of the postal-savings bank 35 years ago. That is a good deal further back than most of us began to advocate it, and yet I see that the postal-savings bank is now in operation, and it is likely to grow in size and in the number of its departments rather than to decrease.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

There was also the initiative and referendum. Well, I was surprised this morning when they told me that that was in his platform 35 years ago. I did not commence advocating the initiative and referendum until 19 years ago, the first platform in which it appeared, as far as I know. At least, it was in the first Democratic platform. There may have been a Populist platform which contained it, but it was the first Democratic platform that contained it, the platform of 1896. It was adopted before I was nominated in Chicago. I was chairman of the committee which wrote the platform of the convention, and the Republican paper said the next morning that when Bryan wrote the platform of the initiative and referendum the delegates looked at each other and one member said to the other, "What is that?" and the Republicans said that that was a new kind of Democratic drink, and the Republican paper stated that immediately upon receiving that information it went through unanimously. I do not say this to criticize the paper, but a great many of the Republican papers were ignorant enough to think that anything new was a Democratic drink. It was prejudiced enough to think that anything the Democratic convention indorsed could not be anything but a drink.

Now, the paper that wrote that, and a few in my State, about five or six years ago had in the platform in the State the recommendation that they indorse the initiative and referendum, and the next legislature which passed the various bills passed one generally in favor of it; but here is General Weaver advocating the initiative and referendum 35 years ago.

The election of the United States Senators by a direct vote of the people. I commenced 25 years ago advocating the theory. He commenced 35 years ago. It was in my platform when I was 30 years old, and he had introduced a bill in Congress eight years before that, but he was ahead of the Congress, and so I was, for I came in two years before Congress did, and I was in Congress and had it passed for the first time in 1892, and had the honor of voting for it, and 21 years afterwards it became part of

SENATOR WATSON

the Constitution. There you see that 30 years before Congress passed it he had it in his platform, and 21 years after Congress passed it it became a part of the Constitution, and it was 31 years before it became a part of the Constitution that General Weaver advocated it in his platform.

I have been more fortunate than was General Weaver. He was the pioneer and did this work long before the rest of us saw the need for it. But it fell to my lot as Secretary of State, 23 years after I began the fight for it—21 years after that it passed Congress, and it fell to my lot as Secretary of State to affix my signature to the last document necessary to make it a part of the Constitution of the United States.

He favored the eight-hour labor law, and I note here that this is now the law relating to Government employees, and it is also the law in most of the States. See what a wide range it has covered. See how he was seeking for the things that helped every class of the community. They were fundamental things. If anybody tells you that the public is not interested in labor laws unless they belong to the class that we call wage earners, do not let them deceive you. Society is interested in every part of this work. Your wage earner is a second group. He is next to the farmer. You have to rely upon the intelligence as well as upon the patriotism of all these parts of society, and man is driven from his work to his bed and from his bed back to his work again, and so he has no leisure time for the proper attention of his duties to his family or the proper attention to his civic duties; and you must not blame labor for not doing its duty as you see it if you do not do your duty to the laborer by giving him a chance to measure himself by giving him these responsibilities, both his family responsibility and the responsibility of citizenship.

General Weaver 35 years ago was also advocating the establishment of sanitary conditions in the industrial establishments, and note what progress we have made in these conditions.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Thirty-five years ago he was opposing the employment of children in industries. Nineteen States now forbid it, and Congress has recently created a Child's Welfare Bureau. He was the pioneer in every fundamental work. For if you do not take care of the child, how can you expect to avoid the suffering that follows the child when it is grown? If you allow greed and avarice to dwarf the minds and bodies of the children, how can you ever avoid the evils that follow, and not to those people only but to that society of which they are a part?

Thirty-five years ago General Weaver was demanding a Department of Agriculture and a Bureau of Labor Statistics. I suppose when he demanded a Department of Agriculture he thought he was going as far as he dared. But the insight that led him to believe that there ought to be a Department of Agriculture also led him to believe that there ought to be a Department of Labor. Is it not astonishing that he should make the demand for a Department of Agriculture at that time? We had a War Department, Navy Department, and Post Office Department, and a Department of State to deal with foreign relations. But think of it. It was after this platform of General Weaver's, 35 years ago, that we got the Agricultural Department to look after the interests of the largest crowd in this country, the farmers. He labored for it long before we had a Labor Department. If you look back to the platform of 1900, the second on which I ran, you will find that 15 years ago we were insisting upon the Department of Labor, and recently we have secured that Department of Labor, and I had the honor of serving in the Cabinet with the first Secretary of Labor—Secretary Wilson—and a splendid Secretary he is. But here is General Weaver 35 years ago asking for a Department of Agriculture and a Department of Labor, and then later a Department of Interstate Commerce.

Then, too, he said that the volume of money should be controlled by the Government and not by the banking interests.

SENATOR WATSON

My friends, he was the pioneer of the money question as well. He believed in the quantitative theory of money, and yet we had men as late as 19 years ago who did not understand the meaning of quantitative. We had men who talked about it as if it was difficult to understand, but it is the easiest question to understand that the people have ever considered. There were more people making speeches in 1896 than in any other campaign. They were men who had taken hold of the fundamental principles.

Now, I have never regarded myself as being precocious when a boy, nor that I was smarter than any other boy of my age, but, really, can you remember the time in your early life when you didn't have enough sense to know that when one end of the teeter went up the other went down? And I used to tell them that anyone could understand the question—could be able to comprehend the quantitative theory before they reached the age of full development, and that just as soon as we got far enough along in our mental awakening to know that when one end of the teeter or seesaw went up that the other end went down, then we could grasp the fundamental principle of the money question, which is as dollars rise property falls. Anything which will make dollars increase in purchasing power will make the prices fall, for they are a different system of the same principles. There he was 35 years ago asking that the Government and not private corporations should control the volume of money, and he made his fight for Government control, and we now have in the recent currency law triumph of the sovereign right of the Government to issue paper money, a thing which I did not expect to see in my time. I am very hopeful—and a man should have to be hopeful to be through what I have and still be cheerful. But I was not sanguine enough to believe that we would see what we have seen—a successful solution of the Government's right to issue money. And that reminds me of the man who was hurt and went to a doctor for a prescription. The doctor gave him some kind of ointment and gave him directions as to how to apply it and told him after

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

a certain time he should come back and report. The day came when the patient returned, as directed. The doctor said, "Well, how is it?" The patient said, "I can not say; I can not say. I am sometimes better, and, doctor, it may get well, but I am afraid it won't be in my time." And here we have realized in our day what some people laughed at, and three decades ago General Weaver advocated what has now come true.

We had people 19 years ago who said that it did not matter whether we had much or little money, so it was good. It is mighty uncertain and unsatisfying to have some one describe in my presence a certain kind of food that is better than another kind and when I ask for it to be told that there is none. He was there at that time insisting that there should be more money.

There was then a circulation of \$21 per capita where there is now a per capita of \$35 in circulation, or an increase of over 50 per cent, and if we had not had the increase in the last 19 years above what it was then—and they said then that it was enough—if there had not been an increase it would not have been possible for the prosperity to have come which we have enjoyed in the last few years.

He advocated in those days the expansion of the powers of government. You know that government is of two kinds, coercive and cooperative. An anarchist says that when everybody is perfect we won't need any government, as everyone will be a law unto himself. He is deceived by looking at the coercive part of the government alone. It is true that as people grow better there will be less need of laws. Laws are not made for the masses but for a small part of the people. There is one thing your theoretical anarchist overlooks, and that is that the coercive part of the government will necessarily decrease in years as the people improve in morals, and the cooperative part of the government is bound to increase as the spirit of pride increases, for people will find it wise as well as best to do together that which they did formerly do at a greater cost and greater incon-

SENATOR WATSON

venience alone. All of the great departments of our Government are illustrations. The Government itself is an illustration of the value of cooperation. Everything we undertake is an evidence of it. It is a test of a man's sanity that he can work together with other people, and here back 35 years ago General Weaver saw that with the growth, intelligence, morality, and advanced civilization there would be necessity for an expansion of governmental power. Since that time we have seen it in the Post Office Department, which has extended until it now takes the mail around to the houses in the city and the country, and I think the time will come when we will use the same mail for accumulating votes, and we may see it used for the purpose of gathering votes of those who are away from their homes. One of the things they have as an object is the bringing of the Government nearer the people. Make the Government an instrument for the accomplishment of the people's will and the people's good. A question he was a pioneer in.

Now, those are some of the things he advocated 35 years ago, and then as he went along he kept advocating other things as he came in view of them. Among the things that he advocated in that time were woman suffrage and the submission to a vote of the people the questions of the manufacture and sale of liquor. You will find he had confidence in the people; that he trusted them; that he was willing to let them decide the questions affecting them, and, my friends, that is the test of democracy.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Address by Senator Harrison *Of Mississippi*

MR. PRESIDENT: There are some whose nerves fail and whose courage falters in the face of impending danger. Upon the high seas the mighty ship may toss and roll as the gathering storm flashes its lightning bolts across the heavens, sending forth its thundering roar far and near and lashing deck and mast and spar with spray from its mad and angry billows to the consternation of those aboard.

Upon the field of battle amid the clashing steel of mighty legions, the rumblings of belching cannon, the shouts of advancing hosts, and groans of dying thousands, one of faint heart and of little courage succumbs to trepidation.

In the forum, on the hustings, in the courtroom, and at the publicist's desk, with the sharp currents of controversy, the exchange of opposing views, this departed colleague to whom to-day we pay tribute never lost his courage or surrendered a conviction. Whether receiving the wild acclaim of his followers or the scornful look and cynical anathemas of his political enemies, he continued unmoved, persistent to the last, to wield the power of his masterful pen or the persuasive qualities of his eloquent tongue.

Until Senator WATSON became a Member of this body, I, too, had formed an unfavorable opinion of the man. He and I had differed on so many

SENATOR WATSON

public questions, and I had read such accounts of his stormy career that I was somewhat prejudiced against him; but, sirs, it was not long after he took his seat in this Chamber until, under the spell of his charming personality, his uniform courtesy, and his gracious manner, I grew to like him as a man and ere long to count him as a friend.

Few men in all the history of this country ever encountered sharper contests and sailed upon stormier political waters than did Senator THOMAS E. WATSON. Endowed with an intellect that was almost superhuman, with a brilliance that scintillated, and a store of information that was always ready, it seemed that he felt at all times the mastery of his position and welcomed controversy. Any position that he took upon any measure was naturally a strong position. Strong characters can not act otherwise. He won and held throughout his eventful career devoted followers and loyal friends. He naturally made and maintained bitter enemies.

Others have spoken of the power of his eloquence, the influence of his individuality, the qualities of his heart and mind, the influence of his writings, his devotion to home and fireside, his loyalty to friends, and I shall not detain the Senate by a further reference to those qualities that have been so eloquently alluded to to-day by others. I would say, though, Mr. President, that Georgia, great in her wonderful resources, rich in the character of her people, as she has always been—a State which has given to the Nation many

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

distinguished sons and daughters; statesmen, warriors, and orators, whose names are emblazoned in the history of the country—she has in THOMAS E. WATSON contributed to the Nation a man who will occupy a high place among the historians and literary geniuses of his time.

I sometimes think, Mr. President, that here, as we exert ourselves day by day in what we believe to be for the general welfare of the Nation, receiving a compensation that some people may think too great, but which under the necessities and circumstances of the day is meager—incurring enemies in debate, creating critics throughout the country, meeting unjustifiable attacks from political enemies—public service is not worth the while, and despite the friends we make our humble efforts are little appreciated. But, Mr. President, as I journeyed to Georgia with the funeral party that attended the obsequies of our departed friend and colleague my feelings underwent a change. I shall never forget the sight that I beheld at Augusta and the little way stations as the train moved on to the little village in which this mighty gladiator had won his spurs, carved his future course, and made his name a household word not only in Georgia but throughout our country. There, in the thriving and historic city of Augusta, were assembled thousands, surging forward to catch a glimpse of the casket that held the remains of their former idol, and along the route to Thomson at every little station were old men and young, wives and maidens, standing in subdued silence to pay their last respect to their fallen leader.

And in the little town of Thomson, where stands the courthouse that had first echoed with his fiery eloquence, within the bar of which his young and unknown personality first threw itself upon his countrymen, a personality through whose persuasive qualities in after years was to conquer opposition, steal away hearts, and dethrone judgment.

I saw gathered around that little courthouse and in the streets and along the roads and around the station men and women of Georgia who had come from the hills and the mountains and the valleys, from the workshops and the counting places, hundreds of miles away, sleeping in their automobiles the night before within the yard of his old home, hallowed by his footprints, to pay their last tribute to the memory of him whom they had followed through the vicissitudes of an eventful political career, and whose devotion was so marked as to amount almost to idolatry. Never in the history of the little village was such a concourse gathered; never in the life of those people had anything happened that so touched and moved their hearts. I saw at the grave the stoic faces of old men wrinkle and tremble under the impulse of their love for their hero. I saw his former friends walk along the road immediately preceding the funeral procession silently bearing their weight of grief; and when I beheld these sights I thought that service here, after all, is worth the while, and that our people, even though sometimes we forbear, do appreciate it.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Address by Senator George *Of Georgia*

MR. PRESIDENT: Of THOMAS E. WATSON as Senator I shall not speak. Others have noted his services in this Chamber. I prefer rather to acquaint you with his life, which is a part of the history of my State.

About 1750 a Quaker colony from North Carolina came into east Georgia, and among those colonists were the ancestors of THOMAS E. WATSON on both sides of the house—the Watsons and the Maddoxes.

Of his family, although the name of Horton is used, Mr. WATSON in his book, “Bethany, a Story of the Old South,” writes:

We Hortons were a family of middle-class farmers. We had never been anything else. We never expected to be anything else. Our condition was good enough for us. We had plenty of land. We had always had it. From the time that the original Horton came down into east Georgia, along with a Quaker colony, from North Carolina, which took possession of a tract of 40,000 acres, we had occupied the comfortable position of local landowner.

That, Mr. President, was the condition of his family before the war between the States. After the lurid flame of war had swept his State, and particularly that portion of his State in which he resided, he found his condition quite different.

He was born September 5, 1856, on the old plantation homestead in Columbia, now McDuffie

SENATOR WATSON

County, Ga.; son of John S. and Ann Eliza (Maddox) Watson. He received a common-school education. In 1872 he entered Mercer University, but was compelled to leave at the end of his second year, his means being exhausted. With a pittance of \$6.50, received from the sale of some old but highly prized books given him by his father, he started out to make his way in life. In 1874 he went to Screven County, Ga., where he taught school for two years. It was during those two years, 1875 and 1876, that he read law at night, and he is authority for the statement, as noted by the Senator from Alabama [Mr. Heflin], that the reading was done by the light of the pine knot.

In November, 1876, he began the practice of his profession at Thomson, Ga., and until his untimely end on September 26, 1922, he maintained his law office at that place, though he had retired from active practice many years before. His fees for the first year, as also noted by the Senator from Alabama, were \$212 gross; the second year \$474. It was during the second year of his professional life that he contracted to buy one of the farms formerly owned by his father, and upon this farm he established his father, mother, and brothers and sisters. His practice gradually grew, until at the time of his retirement from active practice, though a country lawyer, he himself was authority for the statement that his annual income amounted to more than \$12,000.

In 1878 he married Miss Georgia Durham, daughter of Dr. George W. Durham, of Thomson, Ga., and this gentle woman survives him, though the

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

children born of the union have all passed away. Mr. WATSON's references to this gentle woman, her perfect self-sacrifice, her patient, loyal, inspiring love, breathe the spirit of a better world.

Mr. WATSON served one term of two years in the lower house of the Georgia Legislature, declining reelection in 1884.

In 1888 he was elector for the State at large on the Democratic ticket, and stumped the State for Cleveland and tariff reform. In 1889 he was elected as a Member of the Fifty-second Congress, on the Farmers' Alliance platform. This organization at Indianapolis, in 1891, called upon every Congressman who had been elected on its platform to abide by its principles, regardless of caucus dictates. Mr. WATSON heeded the call. His campaign for reelection was the most heated ever known in Georgia, and only men who were at that time citizens of Georgia can imagine the bitterness of it. Words will not convey an idea of the bitterness with which he was attacked or the devotion with which he was defended, not only in his congressional district but throughout Georgia. On the face of the returns he was defeated. The election was contested by Mr. WATSON, but his contest was unavailing.

In 1893 Mr. WATSON campaigned the State, and on one occasion during this campaign was a guest in my father's home, when I saw him for the first time. He was then the storm center of politics in Georgia. Living practically across the State from me, I saw him but seldom during the intervening years, once in the rôle of counsel for the defense

SENATOR WATSON

in a celebrated murder trial; and the brilliancy of his intellect and the boldness of his attack are yet impressed upon my mind.

At that time, and at the time of his retirement, Georgia had no advocate the equal of Mr. WATSON. He was especially strong on the cross-examination of witnesses, but his peculiar strength lay in the magnificent manner in which he marshaled his facts for presentation to the court and jury.

On the stump, few men in or out of Georgia thirty years ago could measure swords with Mr. WATSON in political debate.

During his term in Congress Mr. WATSON voted for the eight-hour law, led the debate for the bill which required railways to equip their cars with automatic couplers, and introduced the first resolution ever passed by Congress providing for the free delivery of mail outside of towns, villages, and cities.

In 1896 the St. Louis Populist convention indorsed William J. Bryan, the Democratic nominee, for President, and nominated THOMAS E. WATSON for Vice President. In 1900 he was nominated for President by the People's Party, and made an active campaign.

The formative period of his life was spent in poverty. Writing of Alexander H. Stephens, the Vice President of the Confederacy, he said:

Later in his life Mr. Stephens would say to me—to warn me, I thought—that in the earlier stages of his career he had allowed his temper too much play. But, by way of excuse, he said that he was a poor boy, with no influential friends, and that many a time he thought his

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

opponents "looked down on him" because of his poverty, and that they were trying unfairly to "run over him." Those who have started from the bottom, as "Little Alec" did, will know what that feeling is, and will look upon his errors of tongue and temper with infinite compassion.

Here we have, no doubt, a key to Mr. WATSON himself.

Senator WATSON possessed the imagination, the genius, and the soul of a poet, as has been noted. He was a great publicist and author, editing many newspapers and magazines, always consecrated to the service of the common man. He nevertheless gave to the world many notable books. Among these were "The Story of France," "Life and Times of Andrew Jackson," "Life of Thomas Jefferson," "Life of Napoleon," "Bethany, a Study and Story of the Old South," "Handbook of Politics and Economics," and other historical and controversial books.

It will always remain a remarkable fact that an unknown backwoods Georgia lawyer, who himself never visited France, who himself had no access to intimate sources of French history, should have written a book which not only in America but in France itself is recognized as one of the most accurate histories of that country.

He loved the common man. He was his champion, his tireless thinker, worker, and dreamer. His passion was always for the weak, and he often thought himself persecuted for those he loved. His tireless working and dreaming for the common man is that which entitles Mr. WATSON to the

SENATOR WATSON

almost unparalleled love and devotion of the common men of Georgia who loved him through the years until his death. Whatever may have been Mr. WATSON's faults of passion, whatever may have been his errors of judgment, it can not be questioned that he dreamed for his people, for his State, and for his Nation the most beautiful dreams that ever inspired a poet. He believed that here in his own land and under his own flag should yet take form and substance all of those beautiful dreams that have inspired, in every age, the true and genuine lovers of men.

The common man, in turn, believed in Mr. WATSON; believed that he was incorruptible, unselfish, and unafraid. Strong men wept when the news came of his death.

His mind was rich in historical events. He was one of the readiest public men in his State. He was great as an orator, as a historian, and as a leader. When once he had taken his position, he maintained it to the end. He never surrendered. He respected those who differed from him. He had slight respect for those who always pretended to believe with him. About him the fiercest passions of love and hate played for a full third of a century. He was essentially, in his public career, the man of storm, yet, in his calmer moments, the man of humility. Some years ago he wrote:

When I come to face my Father, I want to be able to say to Him: "Father, take pity on me; it was You who made me just what I was. With all my raging passions and disfiguring imperfections, You sent me into the wicked world, where there was so much that I could not

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

understand. I know that I've sinned, deeply and repeatedly, but, oh, my Father! I did try to please You. Often guilty of wrongdoing, I strove ever to get right, and stay right. I've done the very best I could to be a just man, a high-minded man, a pure man, a good man."

After many crushing defeats, many heartaches, and bitter disappointments—disappointments and defeats that would have discouraged lesser men—Mr. WATSON came to the Senate in March, 1921.

Throughout his public life he labored unceasingly for the principles he loved. To borrow the figure of another, like the patient weavers across the sea he worked, perhaps, on the wrong side sometimes, but he worked ever for the right side as he saw it.

His own words, recited by the Senator from Ohio, spoken before the legislature of his State 40 years ago in tribute to the life, character, and public service of Alexander H. Stephens, his boyhood friend, his hero ever, may be fittingly spoken here:

He fell asleep like a child, weary and worn. Great Nature, the common mother, holds him tenderly to her bosom. When he shall awaken, it is inspiring to believe that he shall greet the morning in a land where there is no night, where the skies are undimmed by a cloud, where the feet bleed upon no pathway of stones, and the head wears no crown of thorns.

Mr. GEORGE. Mr. President, I ask for the adoption of the resolutions submitted by my colleague [Mr. Harris].

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

SENATOR WATSON

Mr. GEORGE. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, I move that the Senate, under the order entered yesterday, take a recess until 12 o'clock meridian to-morrow.

The motion was agreed to; and (at 1 o'clock and 43 minutes p. m.) the Senate took a recess until Monday, January 22, 1923, at 12 o'clock meridian.

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House of Representatives



MONDAY, November 20, 1922.

Mr. CRISP. Mr. Speaker, it becomes my painful duty to announce to the House that on the 26th of last September the distinguished Senator from Georgia, THOMAS E. WATSON, departed this life. At some future date I shall request the House to set apart a date when friends of the distinguished Senator may be given an opportunity to pay testimony to his high character and public services. I offer the following resolutions.

The Clerk read the resolutions, as follows:

House Resolution 443

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. THOMAS E. WATSON, a Senator of the United States from the State of Georgia.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased Senator.

The resolutions were agreed to.

Mr. MONDELL. Mr. Speaker, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Senator, I move that the House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; accordingly (at 12 o'clock and 48 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow, Tuesday, November 21, 1922, at 12 o'clock noon.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

TUESDAY, *November 21, 1922.*

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Crockett, one of its clerks, announced that the Senate had passed the following resolution:

Senate Resolution 360

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep regret and profound sorrow the announcement of the death of the Hon. THOMAS E. WATSON, late a Senator from the State of Georgia.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Senate communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased Senator.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

SATURDAY, *December 16, 1922.*

Mr. CRISP. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the present consideration of the following resolution, which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

House Resolution 471

Ordered, That Sunday, the 11th day of February, 1923, at 12 o'clock noon, be set apart for addresses on the life, character, and public services of Hon. THOMAS E. WATSON, late a Senator from the State of Georgia.

SENATOR WATSON

The SPEAKER. Is there objection to the present consideration of the resolution? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none.

The question was taken and the resolution was agreed to.

TUESDAY, *January 23, 1923.*

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Crockett, one of its secretaries, announced that the Senate had passed the following resolution:

Senate Resolution 415

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. THOMAS E. WATSON, late a Senator from the State of Georgia.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the business of the Senate be now suspended to enable his associates to pay tribute to his high character and distinguished public services.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

SUNDAY, *February 11, 1923.*

The House met at 11 a. m., and was called to order by Mr. Lee of Georgia as Speaker pro tempore.

The Rev. Page Milburn offered the following prayer:

Holy Father, Almighty, Eternal God, we the creatures of Thy hand, and the grateful recipients

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

of Thy daily bounty, present our sincere acknowledgment of Thy mercy and protection.

Unworthy as we are of Thy gratuity and too often forgetful of our obligation to Thee, we beseech Thee to continue to bear us up in Thy hands and comfort us with Thy counsel. In prosperity restrain us; in sorrow and calamity comfort and calm us.

May the citizens of this Republic, and more particularly those identified with the making of its laws, be sensible of their obligation to remember Thy commandments to keep them, and to be filled with the spirit of the Son of Man who gave Himself to the uplifting of mankind, and was not unwilling to suffer death, to finish His chosen service.

May the grace of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ be with us all. Amen.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Without objection, the reading of the Journal of yesterday will be deferred. [After a pause.] The Chair hears no objection. The Clerk will report the special order for the day.

The Clerk read as follows:

Pursuant to House Resolution 471, Sunday, February 11, 1923, at 11 o'clock a. m., is set apart for addresses on the life, character, and public services of THOMAS E. WATSON, late a Senator from the State of Georgia.

Mr. BELL. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolution.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will report the resolution.

SENATOR WATSON

The Clerk read as follows:

House Resolution 523

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. THOMAS E. WATSON, late a Senator from the State of Georgia.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the business of the House be now suspended to enable his associates to pay tribute to his high character and distinguished public services.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the House of Representatives transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The question was taken and the resolution was unanimously agreed to.

Address by Representative Bell
Of Georgia

MR. SPEAKER: It was with deep regret that we all learned of the death of Senator THOMAS E. WATSON. The sad news was quickly carried over the wires all over the country, and the hearts of his thousands and multiplied thousands of friends and admirers, not only in Georgia, his native State, but in many States of this Union, were saddened. His death was not wholly unexpected by those who were close to him, but his friends generally were not prepared for the early passing of the great American whom they had learned to love and cherish.

In all probability no man in this country had as strong personal following as our late colleague. His friends had for him the strongest admiration and their loyalty and devotion are almost without parallel in this country. His brief service in the United States Senate was not a disappointment to his many friends, but they had hoped for a long and continued service in that great legislative body.

Senator WATSON had a most remarkable career, and his trials and vicissitudes, as well as his remarkable successes, were ever apparent from the beginning of his life up to his death. He was born in what was then Columbia (now McDuffie) County, Ga., September 5, 1856, and was at the time of his death 66 years of age. His parents, at the time of his birth, lived in a plain log house. They were

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

poor, but honest and good, and on account of their financial conditions they were unable to give him the advantages they so much desired. In their determined efforts they were finally able to give him a good English education at the Steed High School in Thomson, Ga. After he left high school he was employed as a clerk in a general merchandise store in Thomson, and later in a store at Norwood where he received the salary of \$5 per week. Later he went to Mercer University, which was in the fall of 1872. This course was at the behest of Professor Steed, who had interested himself in this young student and aided him in entering college. Between terms at the university he taught school in Bibb County, thereby earning enough money to complete the sophomore term.

The panic of 1873 caused the Watson family a great loss in the property they then owned and consequently they faced hard times for several years. However, young WATSON was full of fire and vim, and, acting for himself, he gathered the books which had been given to him by his father and grandfather and sold them to a firm in Augusta, Ga., for a small amount of money but sufficient at that time to pay his expenses into Screven County where he obtained another school, which he taught with signal success and ability. During this trying period a friend gave him a copy of Blackstone and through this avenue he mastered the fundamentals of our system of jurisprudence and wrote his mother that he meant to practice law. His mother remonstrated, because she felt it too big an undertaking for him under the

SENATOR WATSON

circumstances, but he insisted and was determined to pursue his plans, and paved the way. His old and tried friend, Mr. James Thompson, for whom Mr. WATSON had plowed in the field at 50 cents a day, encouraged him to apply for admission to the bar. This he did, and was admitted to practice in the courts in 1875. He "hung out his shingle," and Mr. Robert H. Pierce, then clerk of the Superior Court, permitted young WATSON to occupy a part of his office until he could establish himself.

It is said of him that his first signal victory in the courtroom was when he regained for a mother an infant girl child whom she had deeded away to its putative father. Col. Bill Tutt, the then big lawyer of the town and vicinity, prepared the papers deeding the little girl to the supposed father, and before the trial was concluded Colonel Tutt found himself completely routed by the masterful effort and presentation of the case, which was lost to Mr. WATSON, due mainly to his acknowledged superior ability as a young lawyer.

After this, clients came to him from various parts of the State. He appeared as leading counsel in many murder trials and his speeches in many instances are remembered to this day. His fees were always in proportion to the gravity of the case and the surrounding circumstances, and the last murder case in which he appeared his fee was \$5,000.

He entered public life in 1882 and was elected to the General Assembly of Georgia. There he gained additional reputation as a debater and some of his activities in that body are still fresh

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

in the minds of many Georgians. He was elected to Congress in 1890, and while here obtained by the passage of a resolution the first appropriation ever used in the inauguration of rural free delivery of mail. He championed the automatic car-coupler bill and the eight-hour day for labor. He openly attacked the sale of liquor in the National Capitol, and it was finally driven out. Congressman WATSON sought reelection, and the contest was so bitter and the irregularities were so apparent that Maj. J. C. C. Black, of Augusta, who had been, upon the face of the returns, elected, refused the nomination, and another election was called which resulted in the defeat of Mr. WATSON. He then retired to private life. He practiced law for several years, retiring from the law in 1896 to accept the nomination for the Vice Presidency on the ticket with William J. Bryan. Following that defeat he turned his attention to literature. It was during this retirement that he wrote the "Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson." Other contributions to literature emanated from his brain and pen, chief among them, as believed by critics, being the "Story of France." "Napoleon," "Bethany," and "Waterloo" are also among his contributions which indicate the master mind. It was during this period of his career that his gentle, loving, and devoted wife gave him the inspiration that only a kind and loving wife or mother can bestow. She was mindful of every detail of his surroundings, and his environments were made pleasant by the happy smile and the womanly grace which adorned the household and beautified every nook

SENATOR WATSON

and corner of their premises. By her ever-ready mind, heart, and hand he was enabled to enjoy the quietude in his study which was most essential in the production of the publications which will be handed down from generation to generation as among the most classic literature of modern days. In a conversation on one occasion with the late Speaker Champ Clark he told me that, in his judgment, TOM WATSON was the best historian in the United States.

In 1910 Mr. WATSON established "The Jeffersonian" and "Watson's Magazine" at Thomson, and published them until 1917, when Postmaster General Burleson refused them admission to the mails on account of Mr. WATSON's strong opposition to conscription. He then retired from the newspaper field. During this period he lost his children by death. He sought rest and quietude in another State, but when he returned from his Florida home he was a broken figure in every way. Though of strong mentality and wonderful determination this bereavement proved too much for him. Finally he mustered all the strength and power left to him and again entered newspaper work and purchased the Columbia Sentinel, which he edited up to the time of his death.

His friends entered his name as a candidate for President on the ticket in Georgia's preferential primary in 1920, and he led the ticket in the election in the State over two opponents. During the same year he became a candidate for the United States Senate and was nominated over two opponents.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

He entered the Senate in March, 1921. In feeble health he delivered his maiden Senate speech on the Colombian Treaty, which was regarded by those who heard him as a most powerful argument.

An acute attack of asthma hastened his death, which occurred in Washington, September 26, 1922. I was on the committee appointed by the Speaker of the House which accompanied his remains to its last resting place at Thomson, Ga., the home of his youth. Along the line of travel in South Carolina and Georgia I saw large crowds of people at all the stations with bowed heads and tear-dimmed eyes. In Augusta, where our train was delayed for several minutes, thousands of people were standing, waiting to get a glimpse of their dead chieftain. When we arrived at Thomson there was a sea of people, variously estimated from ten to fifteen thousand in number, who had gathered there from all parts of the country to pay their last tribute of respect to the man they loved so well.

Many had driven long distances and some had traveled all night in order that they might have an opportunity to once more look upon the face of their departed friend, whom they had followed through many fierce political battles and who had kept in close touch with every phase of his life. I chanced to talk with several men on the day of the burial who told me that, on account of not being able to get rooms in which to rest for the night, they walked the streets of the town until the following morning.

SENATOR WATSON

The floral offerings were the most beautiful I have ever seen in a rural community. It was very evident that a large number of these were sent from distant towns and cities. They were superb in every way. A large number of bouquets of flowers were brought by loving, tender hands, signifying the love and esteem in which he was held by admiring friends. In this connection I want to incorporate in my remarks a portion of an article which appeared in the Atlanta Journal in the afternoon of the day of the burial:

It was a gathering thoroughly representative of Senator WATSON's friends and adherents. It included the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the banker and the business man, the statesman and jurist, the landlord and the tenant; but in the overwhelming majority were men whose sun-browned features proclaimed them sons of the soil, men who followed the plow over the red hills of Georgia. For it was among them that Senator WATSON gathered his greatest following. They loved him devotedly, followed him unhesitatingly, and his pronouncement was their gospel. And now that he has gone they feel a loss as though one of their own flesh and blood had passed over the river.

His body was tenderly laid to rest by loving hands with garlands upon his grave—

His was the troubled life,
The conflict and the pain,
The grief, the bitterness of strife,
The honor without stain.

Death takes us by surprise,
And stays our hurrying feet;
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

But in the dark unknown
Perfect their circles seem,
Even as a bridge's arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream.

Alike are life and death
When life in death survives,
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still traveling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

SENATOR WATSON

Address by Representative Green

Of Iowa

MR. SPEAKER: It falls to the lot of few men to make "footprints on the sands of time," and even when this impression is left a never-ceasing ebb and flow of the centuries too often obliterates the imprint. THOMAS E. WATSON was one of those rare geniuses whose path is marked so plainly that generation after generation will see and note it.

My personal acquaintance with the late Senator began shortly after he entered upon his term in the upper House. For some time he and I lived at the same hotel and, while I can not claim to have been intimate with him, I often met him. This acquaintance, although slight, greatly impressed me.

Years before when that remarkable work of his, *The Story of France*, first appeared, being a student of history and at that time making a practice of reading everything in that line that seemed worth while, I observed the favorable mention of the work by the critics and obtained a copy. It is no exaggeration to say that I was literally fascinated by it. From the moment I commenced to read it I could hardly lay the book aside and was astonished by the erudition it manifested. Through its passages kings and potentates, scholars and peasants, the classes and the masses, walked in one vast panorama like creatures of

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

life. This work was soon followed by *The Life of Thomas Jefferson* and then came *The Life of Napoleon*. As fast as they came out I eagerly sought them. Even to the most careful student of history these works presented a new view. Through them we could see the times they depicted in a better as well as in a more glowing light. To Senator WATSON the fact that some custom had prevailed for years meant nothing, nor did the glitter and parade of military heroes or the swagger of monarchs deceive him.

Naturally an iconoclast, with smashing blows he shattered many an idol forever. He stripped the tinsel from kings and showed the hollowness of their pretenses. He tore the plumes and epaulets from military heroes and exposed many of them as merely bloodthirsty ruffians with talents only for destruction. Filled with a love for the people, he lashed with scorn and contempt the exaltation of the aristocracy and pictured as never before had been done the wrongs inflicted upon the masses during those years which so many historians had imagined to be some of the most glorious in the history of France. The clearness of his style, the brilliancy of his expression, the wonderful erudition manifested by these works, made them famous all over the world, and to-day no one can really claim to be a profound student of history who is not familiar with them. Mr. Speaker, these works will constitute an imperishable monument to his memory.

In political matters he was fearless. With many of his theories and principles I was unable to

SENATOR WATSON

agree, yet I could not but admire the ability and courage with which he presented and adhered to them. He did not hesitate to oppose the most powerful political leaders, not only of his own State but of the Nation. When he espoused a cause he supported it with his whole heart and with a vigor that was astonishing. Naturally the opposition he met was great, but no matter what enmity he might excite, what wrath he might provoke, or what punishment might be feared, nothing swerved him from his course. The result was that his following was not confined to his own State, but his influence was felt nation-wide. To a large portion of our citizens he was an acknowledged leader, and in his own State he became almost supreme.

It is seldom, indeed, that a scholar becomes a man of action. Often the student is of a shrinking nature and stands aside while the great procession of mankind moves on or halts for counsel. But here was a man of great erudition and at the same time of most remarkable force and power.

Political questions furnished to him the breath of life, and he was ever ready to champion what he believed to be the cause of the people. It is too early for us to pass final judgment upon his work. He accomplished much. How much only some one with the gift of prophesy can foretell. We know that the world advances and that ideas rejected to-day may be almost universally accepted by another generation. Civilization has moved far since the days described in his *Story of France*. Administrations have come and gone, kings and

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

emperors have fallen, dynasties have been overthrown, and while war has not been abolished it has become more hideous and more detested by mankind generally. All through these changing tides of time the cause of the common people has advanced, and in this advance he had his part, and it was a great one.

When I first met him I discovered that he was not at all the man I had expected to see. It seemed almost impossible that so slight a frame and so frail a body could contain so much force and energy. Nor did I expect to find a man who had already demonstrated his power to be so unassuming. I had hoped, Mr. Speaker, that I might have an opportunity some time to sit beside him and have him relate to me how he conceived the plan and obtained the material for his great historical works. Unfortunately, the opportunity never came, partly because he had so little desire to do anything that might seem like making a parade of his attainments. So in a social way I only knew him as a courteous and affable gentleman who arrogated nothing to himself and with whom companionship would certainly have been a pleasure.

He is now gone to a final rest, a rest well earned from a life of conflict, of unceasing activity devoted to what he believed to be in the interest of his fellow men. I am thankful for this opportunity, as one from a State far removed from his home, to offer this tribute to his memory.

SENATOR WATSON

Address by Representative Crisp *Of Georgia*

Mr. SPEAKER:

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from earth to rest in his grave.

Mr. Speaker, of a surety, Death is no respecter of persons; he visits alike the hovels of the poor, the palaces of the rich, and the Halls of Congress. During the Sixty-seventh Congress the final summons has come to 19 Congressmen and to four United States Senators. The lesson should be clear to all:

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

On September 26, 1922, the angel of death touched the soul of the Hon. THOMAS E. WATSON, the distinguished junior Senator from my beloved State, and this great Georgian peacefully fell asleep and was gathered to his fathers. "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" Senator WATSON's long public

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

life was an eventful and tempestuous one, and, during the course of it, he never asked nor gave quarter. He was, in the language of the great emperor, Napoleon, "the bravest of the brave":

Cowards die many times before their death;
The valiant never tastes of death but once.

Mr. WATSON was the peer in intellect of any man who ever graced the Hall of the United States Senate. His life's successes should be an inspiration to the youth of our land. Born in Columbia County, Georgia, on September 5, 1856, his parents poor, but of honorable lineage, Mr. WATSON knew the pangs and hardships of poverty, and his heart and sympathy were ever true to the poor and struggling masses of humanity, and, to the day of his death, he was their able and devoted champion.

By his own efforts earning the money to pay for his schooling, later reading law at night while teaching school by day, he acquired a splendid education; defeats and adversities affected him not; and, by his indomitable will, energy, industry, and loyalty to the principles he believed in, he achieved renown in many fields. When admitted to the bar, he speedily took high rank among the lawyers of his section, and, when he retired from the practice of law, he was universally considered one of the ablest men of the profession in the State. In 1891 elected to the United States House of Representatives; in 1896 nominated by the Populist Party for Vice Presidency of the United States; in 1904 nominated by the People's Party for

SENATOR WATSON

President of the United States; and, in 1921, elected to the United States Senate from Georgia; thus we see the humble Georgia plowboy by his own efforts rise phenomenally to rare heights of fame.

During the two years Mr. WATSON was a Member of the House of Representatives he served with distinguished ability. It was my privilege to be parliamentarian of that Congress, and I remember Mr. WATSON well. Slim of stature, of frail physique, red-haired, he presented a striking appearance. He was always in his seat when the House was in session, and paid close attention to his duties. Possessed of extraordinary oratorical powers and being a profound student of the science of government, he was a foe to be dreaded in debate by the ablest Members of the body. When he was recognized to address the House he always commanded the closest attention of the Members. During this Congress he introduced a resolution making an appropriation for the establishment of the rural mail service in this country, thus becoming the father of this great Government service which has been of incalculable benefit to the rural communities of the United States. In this same Congress he led the debate requiring the railroads to use automatic car couplers, the use of which has yearly prevented thousands of deaths.

Senator WATSON assumed his senatorial duties on March 5, 1921. His marvelous store of knowledge, his matchless oratorical ability, and his mastery of invective in debate soon gained for him high rank in the Senate. As an opponent, he was always respected and feared; as a friend and ally, he was

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

thrice welcome. His public services in both branches of Congress entitle him to be acclaimed statesman.

To my mind, one of his greatest successes was his marvelous achievement in the literary world. His *Story of France* is recognized by all critics as one of the finest histories ever written of that Republic, and to-day a translation of this work is taught in the public schools of France. Among his great productions are the *Life of Napoleon*, the *Life and Times of Andrew Jackson*, *Life of Thomas Jefferson*, and *Bethany, a Study and Story of the Old South*. These literary gems will be read by our children's children, and their author has earned a niche in history that will entitle his name to be recorded among earth's great.

Senator WATSON's public life was a stormy one. God gave him a superb mind, and he was the most fearless and outspoken public man I ever knew. If I were to criticize the public men of to-day, it would be because of their lack of backbone as evidenced by their failure to voice and vote their convictions on public questions when political exigencies seem to decree otherwise; Senator WATSON was all backbone and feared no living man. He was ever true to his convictions, even when threatened by the Federal Government itself with imprisonment in the penitentiary. He never swerved or deviated one hair's breadth, but boldly and publicly advocated his views on all public questions. Being a bold, aggressive, and positive character, Senator WATSON made bitter enemies and devoted friends. No public man in Georgia, nor, I dare

SENATOR WATSON

say, anywhere in the United States, ever had as devoted, loyal, and loving a following as Senator WATSON enjoyed.

Thousands of people in my State loved him with a devotion that beggared words; they regarded him as truly their great tribune, and they followed him implicitly. They would not only vote for him when he was a candidate, but, at his suggestion, would espouse the cause of any other candidate in Georgia, firmly believing that whomever Senator WATSON championed for public office was the right man for that place. Senator WATSON might truly be called the Warwick of Georgia politics; he could make and unmake governors, and his political support was eagerly sought by Georgia political aspirants for office.

Mr. Speaker, public men are often misjudged, frequently unjustly condemned, made the butt of ridicule and contumely, many times lied on and slandered, and I have often wondered if public service was worth the price it cost. Congress had just adjourned and I was at my home in Americus when the wires flashed the sad tidings that Senator WATSON was dead. Old and young men approached me on the streets overcome with their grief, some with tears in their eyes, and, with faltering voice, choking with emotion, said: "Senator WATSON is gone; who can take his place?" It was my privilege to attend the funeral of the deceased Senator. When the train bearing his body arrived in Augusta, Ga., en route to Thomson, the station and streets were thronged with men and women of high and low estate, with bared heads,

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

who had gathered to look upon his bier and do him honor. Their every look and gesture betokened the sincere sorrow they felt at his taking away. This same condition obtained at every station through which the train passed from Augusta to Thomson. When we arrived at this beautiful little city, the streets leading from the station to the Senator's home—Hickory Hill—were draped in mourning, and the town was filled to overflowing with Georgians who had gathered from every section of the State to pay a last loving tribute to their beloved dead. A great concourse of people, variously estimated at from 10,000 to 15,000 people, attended his funeral—not an idle crowd gathered there out of mere curiosity, but a sober, solemn assemblage, many with tear-dimmed eyes. When I recall this picture, Mr. Speaker, I answer, "Yea, public service, if faithfully rendered, is worth the price!"

God's choicest gift to man is a pure, loyal, and devoted wife. Senator WATSON was, indeed, fortunate in this respect, for in 1878 he won the heart and hand of Miss Georgia Durham, of Thomson, Ga., who, with two beautiful granddaughters, survive him. It is my good fortune to be intimately acquainted with Mrs. Watson, and to know her is to love her—a pure, gentle, retiring, intellectual, and refined lady of the old southern type. I shall not attempt to depict the home life of the deceased Senator, of which, as well probably as of much of his public success, the gentle spirit of the sweet and cultured companion of his married life was the inspiration. Nor shall I dwell upon those

SENATOR WATSON

traits of character that grappled his friends to him with hooks of steel, for I am fortunate in having before me the written tribute of one who knew him better than I. At my request, Mrs. Alice Louise Lytle, for many years a business associate of Senator WATSON and associate editor of his paper, the Columbia Sentinel, has prepared a tribute to her deceased friend, which I shall now read and publish as a part of my simple tribute to this great man, lawyer, scholar, author, and statesman.

Senator WATSON died at the height of his power and popularity, in harness, at his post of duty, while toiling unceasingly to ameliorate the condition of his fellow man.

And could we choose the time, and choose aright,
'Tis best to die, our honors at the height,
When we have done our ancestors no shame,
But served our friends and well secured our fame.



THOMAS E. WATSON—THE MAN

[By Mrs. A. L. Lytle]

Of THOMAS E. WATSON, the orator, the lawyer, the scholar, and the Senator, the world has heard much and read much. A great deal of what has been said and written would make the man himself appear as a bloodless, unlovely character, devoid of almost every human attribute.

But the real THOMAS E. WATSON, the man who loved and protected the birds and squirrels of his beloved "Hickory Hill"; the man whom his dogs coaxed to go to walk with them; the man whose horse stood at the lot gate and whinnied as he saw him coming for his daily ride; the man who founded a bank that the poor people of his section might borrow money on security that the

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

other banks refused to risk; the man who never forgot a friend—this is the THOMAS E. WATSON I knew in the fourteen years of daily association with him.

The deeds of kindness he did, these will never be all known, because many of those who benefited are gone, and he never told.

The old friend whom he kept in his home place for so many years; the old music teacher whom he loved and whom he never forgot when the fruits of summer were ripe, when the winds of winter blew—she is still living here, and will bring tears to your eyes as she speaks of “Tom’s goodness” to her.

The old schoolmate whom he found living on a little, isolated farm, suffering from a broken hip, and with none but negroes to minister to him, unable to leave his bed because of the lack of a wheeled chair. A wheeled chair appeared and the old schoolmate spent many happy days in the sunshine because of that thoughtfulness.

There was a wide roof outside the window of his study; the window at which he wrote looked out on it, and it was no uncommon sight to see six to eight redbirds, as many squirrels, and other birds feeding, in the depth of winter, on the cracked nuts and corn which was spread there for them by the kindly faced man who peered at them from the window as he wrote some of those wonderful articles that have been read by the world.

His home was the home of the average southern gentleman; and the hospitality of the old régime still existed there.

If “company” came, there was no flurry and no worry; it was simply a case of adding more chairs to the table, and more food. His friends were always his friends, and welcomed as such.

When he was writing, he was never disturbed; the home revolved around his work—and there was never anything permitted to disturb him in the hours devoted to that work.

Simple in his tastes, loving all that was beautiful, he had gathered in that home in the years that he had spent

SENATOR WATSON

there books, pictures, bits of choice old furniture, rugs, hangings, and ornaments that gave the home an air of comfort and elegance which has so long been the keynote of old southern homes.

Music he loved passionately, and it was a beautiful epoch in his life when he would play his old "fiddle" to the accompaniment of his daughter—whose death was one of the greatest sorrows in his life; and he never touched the fiddle after her death.

Sensitive, the hurts he received in the many battles he had lived through left scars that he never forgot; but there was less of the bitterness than one would almost expect when he would talk over the stormy days.

He softened, with the years, as all of us must, and he regretted much that had happened in the days of political difference—and he never harbored ill-will against any who showed a tendency to play fair with him.

The old negroes clung to him as they had clung to his father who had owned them; in the "quarter" now connected with Hickory Hill there still lives the old negro mammy who nursed him; she will live there until she, too, goes on that long journey which her "Marse TOMMY" has gone on—and she, too, mourns still for that kindly master who never forgot her.

Quick-tempered, and as quick to forgive; generous, but just; honest to others—and exacting honesty when he knew it was possible, but forgiving many debts when he knew they could not be paid.

Interested in all that concerned his friends; ambitious for those he loved, giving even his bitterest enemies the benefit of doubt—his days were full of interest to him.

When he had at last reached the goal of his ambition—the United States Senate—there were some of us who feared that his health would not be equal to the tasks he would have to face, but he would smilingly say:

"Let me die in harness; I will at least have accomplished some of the things I have wanted to do for so long."

And that wish was granted him.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

He died as he had lived—interested in what was of interest to his fellow man, and with his desk cleared of every obligation there.

And in his going, there are some of us who will try to do, as bravely and as thoroughly as he would have us do, the things he wanted done.

SENATOR WATSON

Address by Representative Rankin *Of Mississippi*

MR. SPEAKER: I regret that my physical condition for the last few days has prevented me from preparing an address for this occasion or writing a manuscript. I once heard a great man, who later adorned the United States Senate, introduce the late Senator WATSON to a vast audience, and in that introduction he said:

I am presenting a man with whom I have not always politically agreed, but I have found it much easier to criticize his views than it was to answer his arguments.

I think that statement defines the position of a great many friends of Senator WATSON who admired him for his great ability, and agreed with him on a great many propositions, but disagreed with him on others.

Mr. Speaker, we have come to-day to commemorate, in our humble way, the life of a great man, and I might say that it is too early after his death for even his friends, or those who knew him best, properly to estimate or appreciate his great ability and his great work, or to forecast their estimation by future generations.

When William Shakespeare, the greatest individual of the human race, who has been referred to as "an intellectual ocean that touched all the shores of thought," when that great dramatist "shuffled of this mortal coil" and proceeded to

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

“that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns,” possibly none of his contemporaries realized that the brightest star had faded from that constellation of great men who adorned and enriched the Elizabethan age. When a few of his relatives and friends gathered to lay him to rest in the little churchyard at Stratford they did not dream that the spire of that small church would stand as a sentinel finger to guide the literary pilgrims of future generations to his grave. They no doubt failed to realize that they were then standing upon hallowed ground and that throughout coming ages the men of letters and of learning of the world would stand above that sacred dust with bowed, uncovered heads and pay reverence to the memory of the “rarest genius and the richest soul that ever lived and loved and wrought of words the pictures, statues, robes, and gems of thought.”

When Robert Burns, the Bard of Scotland, whose singing pen made the little rivulets of his native land historic streams, who “sang old Scotia’s praise in terms that will vibrate in the human heart until all songs shall cease,” when that great genius passed away, bowed down as he had been by adversity, the victim of obloquy and derision heaped upon him by those baser, meaner, smaller souls who could not break his independent will, scarce honor he received from them, who did not deign to claim him as their own until death and fame and immortality had claimed him first.

When Edgar Allan Poe, America’s greatest poet, whose Raven sits above the door of every aching

SENATOR WATSON

heart and throws his ominous shadow across the path of every troubled soul; when that great poet passed away, amid the rags of poverty and woe, the American men of letters of his day little dreamed that history would accord to them the position of satellites to him, the greatest literary luminary of his time.

When THOMAS E. WATSON, the South's greatest writer, if not the greatest writer in America, dropped his pen and fell asleep to awake only in that "radiant Hereafter," of which he once said that Hope was the creator and Faith the defender, little wonder it is that his invidious contemporaries would attempt to withhold from him that recognition of his great services and his great ability which the unbiased judgment of future generations will accord.

I have read, Mr. Speaker, his History of France, and to me it is the most remarkable publication I have ever seen. A man who was not educated in the French tongue, who had never set foot on European soil, wrote the history of the French Republic so accurately that it became a standard work not only in his own country but was even translated and became a standard work in France. Recently our distinguished colleague from North Carolina [Major Bulwinkle], who rendered such gallant services to his country in the late World War, told me on the floor of this House that when he was in Paris he went into Brentano's bookstore and asked for the best history of France that they had, when they presented him with the one written by THOMAS E. WATSON, of Georgia, and told him

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

that although it was written by an American author and was translated into French, it was nevertheless the best history of France he could buy. I related this to Senator WATSON on one occasion, and he told me that some of his friends had begged him at the time this book was written to have it copyrighted in France, but he did not take it seriously enough to do so, and he added that by that failure he had lost thousands of dollars on that publication.

His *Life of Thomas Jefferson*, his *Life and Times of Andrew Jackson*, his *Life of Napoleon*, and his *History of France* will always stand as monuments to his great ability. But in my opinion his short editorials, such as his tribute to "Uncle Remus," "The Dream Children," the "Wine Cup," and a great many other such articles will carry his name further down the years to come than will any other achievements of his great career. My opinion is that, as Napoleon once said about himself and his civil code, Senator WATSON will go down to posterity with his books in his hands.

But, Mr. Speaker, these are not the only considerations to commend him to the future. Some one has said:

I wrote my name upon the sand,
And trusted it would stand for aye;
But soon, alas, the refluent sea
Had washed my feeble lines away.

I carved my name upon the wood,
And after years returned again,
I missed the shadow of the tree
That stretched of old upon the plain.

SENATOR WATSON

The solid marble next, my name
I gave, as a perpetual trust;
An earthquake rent it to its base,
And now it lies o'erlaid with dust.

All these had failed; I was perplexed;
I turned and asked myself, "What then?
If I would have my name endure,
I'll write it on the hearts of men."

Senator WATSON wrote his name on the hearts of the toiling masses of America by his unremitting, relentless service in their behalf. On the floor of this House, on the 17th day of February, 1893, as has been said by one or two of the gentlemen who have spoken from his State, he offered the amendment to the Post Office appropriation bill which established for the first time the rural free delivery service in this country, which to-day carries the mails to millions and millions of people far removed from railroads and steamship lines. He was an advocate of the eight-hour day for labor. He fought for automatic couplers on railroad trains. He was a pioneer in the fight for the parcel post, in opposition to the exorbitant charges of the express companies.

I remember reading an editorial once from a northern newspaper in which it was said that THOMAS E. WATSON was not popular in Wall Street, that he was not popular with the money power, but that he was known and loved by millions of the farm hands of America.

In commenting upon that statement Senator WATSON said, "Write this on my tombstone." He preferred such an epitaph; and, regardless of what

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

may be said of him here to-day, regardless of what the press may say, regardless of the opinions of men in public life, his services will carry his name on down to future generations as long as men toil for a livelihood.

He was a historian of great ability, whose brilliancy and fluency of expression were charming to every reader, and whose accuracy under the circumstances was most astounding. He was a writer of short stories and editorials who has seldom been equaled, and never surpassed, in American literature. He was a statesman who looked beyond the present hour and fought always for what he believed to be the betterment of mankind. He was an American with the courage of his convictions, and the most relentless toiler I have ever known.

He was a man, take him for all in all.
I shall not look upon his like again.

SENATOR WATSON

Address by Representative Brand *Of Georgia*

MR. SPEAKER: When the soul of THOMAS E. WATSON was cut loose from its moorings and entered upon its journey to its Maker one of the most picturesque and one of the greatest men Georgia ever produced passed from life to eternity.

When he died there was more grief and sorrow among the men and women in Georgia and more people went about their daily pursuits with bowed heads and sad hearts than was ever before manifested over the death of any other one of her citizens.

Certainly over a hundred thousand citizens of Georgia and many thousands in other States intensely deplore his death. His followers and real friends believed in him, they trusted and loved him, and to most of them his death was a calamity; and yet we should not be unmindful of the fact that the grave will open its portals to all of us soon or late.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North Wind's breath,
And stars to set, but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hues tinge the ripening grain—
But who shall tell us when to look for Thee?

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

The mourners at the tomb of Senator WATSON and others who sorrow over his demise are not confined to the State of Georgia. He had his friends and followers in every State in this Union. He had become a national figure before he was ever elected to the Senate. The Jeffersonian, which was unjustly suppressed, and the Columbia Sentinel went to every State in the Union. Senator WATSON's articles which appeared from time to time in his various publications and the speeches he made in the Senate were read by more people in the United States than the writings and speeches of any other man in public life.

It is common knowledge among Members of the Senate and House and officers at the Capitol, when visitors to the Capitol from different States in the Union entered the gallery of the Senate the first question asked, as a rule, was: "Where is TOM WATSON?" or "Point out Mr. WATSON to me." This is indicative that Mr. WATSON was a prominent and well-known figure in the minds of the American public.

While not in the prime of life and yet with an intellect as vigorous as it was when he was a young man he was called to his last reward when he least expected it. Senator WATSON did not expect to die so soon. He and I in the privacy of his room and my own room at the George Washington Inn have talked over the issue of life and death, and I know he expected to live to a ripe old age. He certainly expected to live out his present term as Senator from Georgia and to be reelected for another term without opposition, which I

SENATOR WATSON

believed and hoped would be his lot. And yet death intervened and put an end to his earthly ambitions. His labors for his people were ended; his writings in the *Columbia Sentinel* were brought to a sudden termination; his brilliant speeches in the Senate which charmed Senators and attracted the attention of the people all over the United States were finished; he had fought his last battle and had won his last victory. Fate decreed that life's honors for him should end forever.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

His death was a great blow to me. I was sick in bed at my residence in Athens, Ga., when a telegram came early in the morning announcing his death, and I was in the hospital when his funeral occurred. For that reason I was denied the opportunity of being present on the funeral occasion where thousands and thousands of people from all over Georgia had gathered to pay their last respects to their departed friend.

His short and brilliant record in the Senate, added to the record which he had made during the last quarter of a century, easily placed Senator WATSON among the foremost leaders of the Republic.

One of his most aggressive political enemies, Mr. T. W. Loyless, a brilliant writer, in an article entitled "Peace to his soul; peace to our State,"

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

while criticising therein much of Senator WATSON's public record, began his post-mortem analysis of his public life as follows:

To-day, some fifty thousand people in Georgia, maybe more, several times that many throughout the South, mourn the death of a man whom they sincerely believed was one of God's anointed; to them the consecrated, self-sacrificing apostle of democracy undefiled—the friend of man and champion of the common people.

Later on in this article he referred to Senator WATSON as follows:

A great genius has passed from earth, a wonderful intellect has been dimmed by death, an eloquent tongue silenced, and a gifted pen put for the last time upon paper.

And again he writes:

For almost a third of a century THOMAS E. WATSON has been the "stormy petrel" of Georgia politics and public life, with his penetrating cry heard above the tempest in which he reveled. For fully half of that time he has been the virtual dictator of Georgia politics, making and unmaking men at will through the "balance of power" that he wielded with but a wave of his hand—and which weak men feared and fawned upon.

Some people in Georgia envied Senator WATSON, some were jealous of him, some despised him, some cursed him, some hated him, and most of the politicians feared him, but all of them welcomed his support and were happy to get it in any political conflict, either State or Federal. From a political point of view, he was by odds the strongest man in Georgia and had been so for many years.

SENATOR WATSON

In his race for the Senate over 104,000 white people of Georgia voted for him against Hon. Hoke Smith, then United States Senator, a great lawyer and a strong man from every point of view. He received about 4,000 more votes than the combined vote of the three strongest candidates in the election which was held to select his successor. In passing it may be said of Senator WATSON in regard to this race that he was the only man ever elected to the American Congress, either to the House or Senate, who did not spend a dollar to become elected.

His friends do not deny that he was the “stormy petrel” of Georgia politics for several decades, but one thing his enemies can not truly deny, and that is that his contests have always been in the interests of the people—the masses—and as some express it, the common people of the State. Like Victor Hugo, he was a man of the people. He was the best friend in public life the poor people had; his love for them was not only genuine but it was a passion with him. He entertained the same tender feelings toward them that Gray did when writing his “Elegy in a Country Churchyard”—

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Most men have moods both in public and private life. At times Senator WATSON would be as tranquil as a lake in the calm of a summer's evening and at other times he would be more or less tempestuous. I say this in all kindness to him and with all respect to his memory, because it was my pleasure and good fortune to be on intimate terms with him during the last years of his life. He was a friend to me in sickness and in health. It was a friendship which I shall cherish and hold in affectionate memory as long as life lasts.

Though his real friends intensely mourn his death, there is a measure of consolation in the thought of the poet who wrote of a departed friend:

The storm that wrecks the wintry sky
No more disturbs his sweet repose
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

When his mind was not burdened with "matters of state" he was pleasant and agreeable, kind and sympathetic, and as friendly as any public man I ever knew. He had a quick perception of the ridiculous and a keen sense of humor. Whether one agreed or disagreed with his public record, those who knew him well greatly enjoyed his companionship.

Senator WATSON will be remembered by his countrymen generally as an able lawyer, a renowned orator, a great historian, and a statesman of national repute.

SENATOR WATSON

He was one of the greatest criminal lawyers ever admitted to the bar in the State of Georgia. He successfully tried numbers of murder cases from one end of the State to the other; his services were sought from the mountains to the seaboard in defense of those charged with murder. Whenever he spoke to juries the courthouse was full of people who listened to him in utmost silence and with intense interest. Besides he was a learned civil lawyer. In his early days he regarded law as Blackstone did, who said "Law is a jealous mistress." The best years of early manhood were given to the study and practice of law.

His fame as an orator is known to all men. When he spoke in Georgia he had more people to hear him than any other public man during my time. His audiences ran from 5,000 to 20,000 people. When he last spoke in the city of Atlanta he had the greatest audience that ever assembled there to hear a public speaker.

As a historian, it is my purpose to say but little, because his reputation as such is world-wide. Senators and Members of the House who have delivered memorial addresses on the life and character of Senator WATSON have thoroughly covered this phase of his public life. I remember going over to the Senate to see him one day on business and failed to find him in his seat. I asked Senator Caraway, of Arkansas, whom Speaker Clark once told me was the best lawyer in the House, if he knew where the historian of the Senate was. Senator Caraway replied: "Judge, you will find Senator WATSON in the cloakroom."

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

I believe it is universally conceded by Members of the House and Senate that Senator WATSON was the most scholarly historian in the American Congress. My humble opinion is that he had no equal as a historian in the United States.

The first speech I every heard of Senator WATSON making was when he was running for the legislature in McDuffie County, Ga., as an independent candidate against what he termed the "courthouse ring." This was 42 years ago. I was a college boy at the University of Georgia at that time. It impressed me so that I put part of the speech in my boy scrapbook. He opened his speech as follows:

Fellow citizens, in my boyhood I loved to picture to myself a future where manly ambition was cheered on by generous words and by strong helping hands.

I had thought that the people, proud of the high resolve of him who battled onward and upward, would gather applaudingly around his course, and on his pathway would strew flowers. The years have passed on, and I know now 'tis written, before the ascension lies Gethsemane's Garden. I know now that the pathway is lined with brambles and at each footstep I have pressed the thorns.

In those young days my fancy had made an Eden filled with purpling hopes of public honors. The sweep of the years robs all such gardens of their tenants, the gates close forever, and about them flash the swords of fire.

Notwithstanding a stiff fight was waged against him, he was triumphantly elected.

One will observe from reading this brief excerpt of this speech that he then had ambition in life to acquire fame. Indeed, this is the ambition of most

SENATOR WATSON

men, and yet to succeed fights have to be made and mountains of opposition overcome. Some orator whose name I can not now recall said:

To abide in the hearts and affections of our fellow men is the most gracious lodgment we can establish during the years of existence in this life; and to be treasured in the memories and minds of our friends and neighbors after we have been released from this tabernacle of clay and from the responsibilities and burdens of humanity is a gratifying anticipation.

It is true that these longings are common to human nature; and as all men, however humble or exalted, have personal friends and social surroundings, the desire of the heart to this extent is accomplished toward almost every soul on earth. But as the field of human usefulness is greatly enlarged to some, and the influence of good deeds and noble purposes grows broader, and the power of accomplishing useful ends increases, in an equal ratio the love of our fellows and the esteem of the public center upon and embrace some fortunate subject, and surround him with a broader cordon of love and affection in the honor paid him by his countrymen. So that, if one can look forward to the time when he shall no longer tread the pathway of life beside his dearest personal friends, or move along its highways amid the plaudits of an admiring public, and yet feel certain that he shall still retain the love of the former, and the honor and esteem of the latter, he may see with prophetic eye that, even though all his purposes and aims have not been accomplished, his life has been a success, and he has, indeed, secured the best rewards of human effort, and the noblest crown that human love can bestow upon him.

The first speech I ever heard Senator Watson make was in the famous Colquitt convention of August, 1880, a copy of which I also put in my scrapbook. Governor Colquitt had a majority of the delegates, but Democratic usage required a two-

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

thirds vote to nominate. After long and much balloting it developed that he could not get the two-thirds vote. Hon. Patrick Walsh, a Colquitt man, delivered a speech which enraged the anti-Colquitt men. In concluding this speech he said:

We have come here to nominate Colquitt and we are going to stay until Christmas to do it.

When Walsh concluded, Senator WATSON, being a delegate to this convention, arose from his seat and with pale face and quivering lips spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman, the speech of the delegate from Richmond [Mr. Walsh] is not that of a Democrat to Democrats or of a friend to a friend. It is rather the language of a master to a slave.

Mr. Chairman, let me say to the gentleman that a silken cord may lead me; but all the cables of all the ships of the seas can not drag me. Rather than follow the course of the delegate from Richmond in his rule or ruin policy, I would see the party cut adrift from its past and its traditions like an old ship which has worn out its usefulness.

He concluded—

Nail to the mast the tattered flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of Storms,
The lightning and the gale.

The position Senator WATSON assumed in this short speech put him on the map of Georgia politics. By this one speech he became famous and from that day on he had to be reckoned with in all political campaigns of importance in the State of Georgia.

SENATOR WATSON

This speech also disclosed another phase of his character; namely, that he had in him the elements of a fighter which, during the following years of his life, blossomed into full fruitage.

His speeches in the Senate will compare favorably with the speeches made by any of the great orators of the Republic. When it became known, or was published in the Washington papers, that Senator WATSON would speak on any public question the galleries were always full of men and women. Time and again various Members of the House, both Republicans and Democrats, would leave the deliberations of the House and go to the Senate when it was scheduled that Senator WATSON would make a speech. It was an undisputed fact that he was one of the Senate's best debaters.

I may be wrong about it, but I have seen the time when I thought Senators on the Republican side were unwilling to enter into a debate with him or challenge the positions and contentions he was making upon some vital public questions. While the Republicans, as a rule, disagreed with him, and now and then this was true of a few Democratic Senators, yet both were loath to get tangled up with him in a debate. He was at his best when debating, and the Senator who interrupted him generally got the worst of it. I do not mean to discount the ability of Senators on either side of the Chamber, yet in general debate Senator WATSON was the peer of any of them.

Another unusual feature with regard to his public speaking is that he never used a manuscript.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

He never read any of the speeches he delivered in the Senate, and he told me that he never corrected, revised, or altered any of them.

It is a remarkable thing to find combined in the brain of one man the intellectual qualifications which are essential to the making of a great lawyer, a brilliant orator, and a celebrated historian. God bestows these attainments upon but few men, and yet Senator WATSON possessed them in a high degree.

During my last campaign for reelection I was often asked the question how Senator WATSON stood with his colleagues. I had no trouble in answering the question. He was greatly respected and admired as a lawyer, orator, and historian by every Member of the Senate. He was on good working terms and cordial relations with every Democrat in the Senate and likewise with all Republicans with the exception of three or four Members on the Republican side. As the public knows, he became involved in one or two acrimonious colloquies with two Senators, both of whom were from a section of the country which had little sympathy for the southern people. He likewise stood well with the Members of the House who came in touch with him in an official way. Particularly was he on cordial terms with every Member of the Georgia delegation.

I wish to make only one other observation regarding Senator WATSON. Notwithstanding many people did not approve of some of the contentions he stood for during his public life, and notwithstanding during this time he had made political

SENATOR WATSON

enemies, no one ever questioned his personal and political integrity. Whether friend or foe, all will testify that he lived and died an honest man.

When Senator WATSON realized dissolution was approaching, if the infirmities of body and mind enabled him to speak, I honestly believe he could say of the life he led among his fellow men, as Sir William Blackstone said—

Untainted by the guilty bribe,
Uncursed amidst the harpy tribe;
No orphan's cry to wound my ear,
My honor and my conscience clear;
Thus may I calmly meet my end—
Thus to the grave in peace descend.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Address by Representative Collins *Of Mississippi*

MR. SPEAKER: We mourn to-day the loss of a superior man—one who was of consequence in the world—one who possessed a clear brain, abundant learning, a wealth of general information, and a quick sympathy for the cause of the workers of the world. His handiwork is known throughout our country and even beyond its confines. His memory is cherished everywhere by true lovers of liberty. His name will linger in human households, and human hearts will warm in gratitude because of his splendid service to men and women everywhere.

He was one of the greatest teachers of our time. Gentle in his personal characteristics, kindly and sympathetic in spirit, deep-true in his loves, making room for sentiment in his life, he was like an alabaster vase through whose thin-hewn walls shines the inner light. The fire which burned within him with beautiful intensity, giving out always a compellingly sincere message, was the eternal advancement of a free and sovereign people—his own. He burned with the belief that the ballot of the voter was the trophy won by those brave reformers of bygone days who followed the lead of the many pioneers who had preceded them in the revolt against tyranny and oppression. He stated many times that the ballot was not only the

SENATOR WATSON

sacred souvenir of those days when the great struggle was on for its possession, but that it was the bloodless weapon by which men might defend their all, their wives, home, children, their very liberty and life, from those powers whose oppressions would drive men again into servitude. The advancement of the human cause through the ballot and through honest organization was his battle cry. He believed in political parties, though never did he advocate blind party allegiance, but rather that the voter should adhere to that party whose purpose and principles were those of the voter himself.

Let me quote him, speaking at Nashville in 1904:

It does seem to me that it is high time that the average man * * * should do some of his own thinking and act for himself according to his own light, and not forever obey the crack of his party whip.

Endowed with a deep and throbbing love of the blessed, plain people of the earth, he knew no other nor sought no worthier service than their advancement. His creed is summed up in these earnest words of his:

I do not speak for the lordly magnates of class legislation. I do not speak for those who for one hundred years have stood at the doorways of national legislation begging for special favors. No! The men whose cause I would plead before the bar of American public opinion are chiefly those who toil in the hundred different places of industry and who have never lifted their voices to ask anything of this Government except just laws and honest administration. They are the men of the mine, the mill, the shop, and the field. They are the obscure toilers who

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

in time of peace send pulsing through the veins of commerce the rich blood of prosperity. They are the men who in time of war spring into the battle line at the tap of the drum, and with patient feet follow the march, and with fearless heart make the charge upon which is based and builded the world-wide fame of your commanders to whom you rear monuments in the open places of your cities.

For these convictions he battled and suffered to the end, and because of them enemies pursued him with a bitterness which made no allowance for honesty of belief. They gave him many a bitter hour because of the difficulties they threw in his way. They arrayed against him many even of those he was trying to serve. But never did he by word or written expression depart from his creed. As was well said of him, "Mr. WATSON never lifts his feet from his rock of principle."

His warm and vibrant love of humanity and its needs gave him an almost prophetic insight into and vision of the legislation that was vital for the people's welfare. He was truly the father of rural free delivery mail service, an instrumentality of education of the great farming population of this country and a convenience to them beyond estimate. He outlined and recommended an income-tax law at a time when it was political heresy to do so. It is remarkable to note that of the seventeen planks in one of the People's Party platforms that he mainly formulated all of them are now the law of the land.

Ever a true, burning disciple of pure Jeffersonian-Jacksonian democracy, his life was dedicated to molding into useful laws the tenets of this

political faith. He fought a constant fight, nor let his armor rust, for those principles which spoke to him of ultimate, glorious, perfect freedom for Americans. He fought to make good men out of American boys. He strove to build back into prosperity desolated homes, so that the chains of special privilege might be broken and the laws that oppressed them might be removed. He battled for a square deal for all. He was a manly but a relentless foe. Twenty years ago he said:

With the convictions which I hold, Roosevelt [and he meant all those who held beliefs destructive of the things he held most dear] represents the thing that I would fight from morning to night every opportunity I got, every day of my life from now until the folding of my hands across my breast.

Those words were like a clear-cut vision of his life's journey, for never thereafter was his great brain dormant an instant, nor his eloquent voice unused, in the business to which he had consecrated himself, believing and knowing that Divine Power itself was using him as an instrument to unfetter men from evil oppression and forward them on the road of onward progress. He wrote the story of his own life in 1908, and he said at that time that he had no more political ambitions, but was content to give himself to his literary and editorial work. Even after this, however, came the clarion call for further service in the ranks of the people. So, true to his own prophecy, his last hours were given in the same consistent manner to the service of those he loved, the great mass of the

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

American public. Let him speak to you a last farewell:

So with your bright eyes looking into mine and your cheers ringing in my ears I go on my way encouraged, inspired with the belief that it is a glorious thing to represent a people like this, and I can well afford to leave the harvest to time and to the God who rules us all.

Sweet must have been his last days. From a richly deserved seat in the Senate of his country he had the satisfaction of seeing the first reaping of this harvest. His old enemies were adopting his creed as their own. His cherished reforms were being enacted into laws. His dreams of the awakening of men's consciences were being realized. Success was crowning his lifelong efforts. The dawn of a better economic day was at hand.

SENATOR WATSON

Address by Representative Tilson *Of Connecticut*

MR. SPEAKER: What I shall say of Senator WATSON will be from the viewpoint of one who, in regard to political matters, usually disagreed with him. In fact, it was the exception rather than the rule for me to find myself in accord with his views. It is also necessary for me to speak of him from outside the limits of close personal acquaintance, for my acquaintance with him personally was of less than two years' duration, while my contact and conversation with him were limited to brief and infrequent meetings.

It was therefore from his writings as well as from the power he exercised and the influence he exerted over the thought and actions of others that I have judged him.

It will not be denied that Senator WATSON was an unusual man, so unusual that it is not easy to find a single character with whom to compare him. The distinctive traits of many individuals were combined in him. He wielded a trenchant pen, and the person was to be pitied against whom he turned it. He was a master of language, so that from it he could forge thunderbolts to be hurled in defense of the cause he espoused or against the individual unfortunate enough to call forth his wrath or displeasure. He could receive as well as deliver blows, and seemed never to be quite so much himself as when in the thick of a battle royal.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

When THOMAS E. WATSON put on full armor, which was his belief in the righteousness of his cause, and went forth to do real battle the usual result was that the people of Georgia were soon arrayed in hostile camps, the one side ready to slay him and the other willing to die for him. Of course, it was inevitable that such a man should make bitter enemies. No one would have been more sorely disappointed than he had he failed to do so. On the other hand, he made and kept to the end an increasing number of deep and strong friendships. And the friends who were permitted to see beneath the exterior would seem to have the better of the argument, in making up a just estimate of the real man, over his enemies, who saw only a front of steel.

As a rank outsider, far removed from the field of the greater part of his activities, and usually holding views widely divergent from those advanced by him, I have often admired his great force and ability and wished that they might be employed on the other side of the question. At the same time, in fairness to those who honestly hold opinions differing from my own, I can readily understand what admiration, coupled with devotion, was entertained by those who fully embraced his views and believed him to be fighting their battles. It is only thus can be explained his great power and influence exerted during so many years over so large a number of his fellow men.

SENATOR WATSON

Address by Representative Vinson *Of Georgia*

Mr. SPEAKER: The sentiment that brings us here to-day is an honor to the living as well as to the dead, for honor to the dead is an incentive to the living.

We are advised by Holy Writ that "there is a time to weep; and a time to laugh; a time to mourn; and a time to dance," and in the official life of Members of the House of Representatives to-day is dedicated as a day of mourning. We have ceased to think the thoughts of our parties; we have banished the dreams of ambition; we have put away the trappings of place and pride and left our mirth and employment, to spend a brief while in solemn reflection upon the life and virtues of that distinguished Member of the United States Senate who has been translated to the realms of eternal bliss.

It is true that many great and distinguished Members of that august body have passed over the river and gone to that great beyond, but, Mr. Speaker, I measure my words when I say that among that great number there has been few, yea, very few, who gave more complete and unfaltering devotion to their State and the Nation they loved than did the illustrious lawmaker, Senator THOMAS E. WATSON, of Georgia, who on the 26th day of September, 1922, answered the summons

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

and was guided into that radiant hereafter of which hope is the creator and faith the defender.

The news of the death of Georgia's greatest commoner caused more genuine sorrow—sorrow that penetrated the very soul and literally brought tears of anguish and genuine grief from the very hearts of men and women—than that of any other Georgian in the memory of the living. He died in the way he always said he wanted to die—like a soldier at his post of duty.

He was an intellectual giant; a man among men; highly gifted in speech and with the pen; his genius never doubted, or his profound ability questioned. He was a champion of the causes of the common people as distinguished from the classes. He waged an unbroken fight for their emancipation from what he conscientiously believed to be the bondage of big business, concentrated wealth, and predatory interests.

He fought their battles with a courage unsurpassed, and every pulsation of his heart beat in harmony and unison with theirs; their cradle songs and funeral hymns were his cradle songs and his funeral hymns. The love he cherished for them was fully reciprocated, as he was the idol of his devoted followers. His word to them was a holy gospel; his views once published to his legions were accepted and adhered to as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and no better citizens can be found, many of whom are my warm personal friends. They were affectionately termed by him as "The Old Guard," and were ever ready to do the bidding of their "Chief," and they,

SENATOR WATSON

like him, lived to see the day come when a great many of the political principles sponsored by their beloved leader, and loyally supported by them, ultimately were written upon the statute books of the Nation.

He regarded as a sacred trust the loyalty and confidence that his followers reposed in him. It was a political asset of priceless value, but never did he abuse it or capitalize it for personal gain.

No man in Georgia, or any other State of the Union, ever commanded the devotion and love of his adherents as did the sage of McDuffie, nor never before in the history of the Empire State of the South has there been a man with so large a personal following. For thirty years he held the balance of power in political affairs of the State; made and unmade governors; elected and defeated Senators and Congressmen. Though engaged in many acrimonious political battles, sometimes wearing the wreath of victory and sometimes going down in defeat, yet it can be truly said that he never took any unfair advantage of a political opponent, even though the contest may have been most bitter.

In some political campaigns which he led he knew he had no chance of success. This was notably true in '96, when he made the race for Vice President, and in 1904 and 1908, when he ran for President on the People's Party ticket. He truly said:

Any soldier can fight bravely when he knows his are the heavy battalions that are sure to win. The truest soldiers are those who fight gallantly when they know they

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

can not win. Why, then, do they fight? Because sometimes it is better to have fought and lost than not to have fought at all.

As an orator he had no superior. Few men in the Nation could sway the masses to such a degree. He could play on their emotions like a master of a violin plays on his delicate instrument. His hearers were moved by his matchless eloquence and their souls stirred by the fire of his spirit. Every energy of his being was put forth and his words flowed like streams of molten metal, burning their way into the hearts of his audience.

This remarkable man, whose memory we commemorate to-day, a true son of the soil of Georgia and of the South, has been truly likened to four of the Republic's most historic figures:

Jefferson, Henry, Otis, and Jackson were all reflected in THOMAS E. WATSON. He loved liberty with the passion of Henry; he always held to his political doctrine untarnished, as did Jefferson; he possessed all the courage and determination of Jackson; and he had all the great heart and flaming tongue of Otis.

As a lawmaker, first a member of the general assembly from McDuffie County, then the Representative of the people of the tenth congressional district, and later as United States Senator from the Commonwealth of Georgia, he wrote his name indelibly in the history of his State and the Nation.

It was his fiery eloquence in the legislature in 1882, in behalf of the cause of temperance, that caused the enactment of the local-option law, under which the people voted out the saloons in 117 counties. It was during his service in the House

SENATOR WATSON

of Representatives in 1890 that he secured the first appropriation for the establishment of rural free delivery mail service, whereby he made the daily Postal Service of his Nation become the—

Messenger of sympathy and love;
Servant of parted friends;
Consoler of the lonely;
Bond of the scattered family;
Enlarger of common life—

for the people toiling out in the field under the blue skies and near to nature's heart.

Coming to the United States Senate in 1921, his brilliant career was cut short by his untimely death, but no man ever served a constituency more zealously, unselfishly, and unfettered. He served all the people alike, friend and foe. He was recognized as the best read man in the Senate, and it was not long before he was considered as one of the leading debaters of that body.

Conspicuous as he was in political affairs of the State and Nation, and famed as a leader of the bar, however, posterity will remember him as a scholar and historian, for his distinction finds the happiest, the most abiding and everlasting form in the fruitage of his pen.

As an author he occupied a permanent place, and had he given to the literary world nothing else except "The Life of Napoleon," he would have made for himself a name as a writer. His "Story of France" and his "Life of Jefferson and Jackson" stamped him as a profound student. The Philadelphia North American in 1898 said, "Many

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

histories of France have been written, but none equals this." In his writings his talent flourished to its true harvest and his brilliant and versatile mind gave expression to what must have been its deepest love. By these illuminating pages he erected a memorial to himself that will endure until the end of time.

His style of editorials for the *Jeffersonian* and the *Columbia Sentinel* was epigrammatical. At times he was a master of satire; then again through his writings flowed a gentle kindness and a sympathetic touch.

He was ever true to his principles; a southern gentleman to the manner born; a devoted husband and father. In the days to come he shall stand—

side by side with scholars as their shining faces tend upward to the higher summits of thought, soul to soul with patriotic statesmen who give their days and nights to the noble problems of just laws, healthy conditions, happy homes. Wherever the orators shall speak with tongues of flame he shall be heard; wherever warriors strike for liberty, poets embody truth and majesty in verse, statesmen evolve civilizations, and scholars and philosophers and scientists conquer new worlds, he shall be known and honored.

In the little cemetery in the town of Thomson, where the morning-glory points its purple bugle to the sky, and the sigh of the cedars mingles its music with the sighing of the pines, the willow and cypress grown around his tomb with loving but mournful embrace which will ever be a shrine where boys and girls, men and women in genera-

SENATOR WATSON

tions to come will be inspired by the achievements of this illustrious son of Georgia.

Mr. VINSON. Hon. Grover C. Edmondson, for many years private and confidential secretary of the late Senator WATSON, probably better acquainted with him than any other man, has prepared a beautiful tribute to his chief, which I incorporate as a part of my remarks.

To those who knew the kindly figure in his home; to those who were in daily contact with him in his business affairs, his literary work, and the making of his newspaper, the Columbia Sentinel—the Benjamin of his old age—to those who knew the steadfast effort and adherence to high ideals invested in every act of his career; to those who treasured all that he wrote and accepted as gospel all that he said; to unnumbered boys and girls who received material assistance from this self-made Georgian and American in their efforts to reap the advantages of education; to the men and women who found inspiration in what he accomplished outside of public office; and to the older heads who followed their leader into the thick of every battle and shared with him the heartache of every defeat, the death of THOMAS E. WATSON carries a sense of personal loss.

When Capt. John S. and Mrs. Watson named their son—the subject of this sketch—it did not occur to them that he would find the name “T. EDWARD WATSON” awkward and unsatisfactory. Even in those early years the youngster had opinions as original as the ones characterizing the maturer years of his life, when this Warwick made and unmade governors, his word being sufficient to shape the destiny of nearly every leader in our political Israel. It was during his ’teens that he silenced the “EDWARD” and wrote the name to suit himself—THOMAS E. WATSON. And now that name is treasured in the hearts of hundreds of thousands of Americans, in almost every walk of life, who find it difficult to realize that TOM WATSON is dead.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

A distinguished writer, speaking of Senator WATSON's "strange influence," says that he succeeded because he understood the Georgia "cracker" better than his contemporaries. That is probably true in a sense; and it is also true that the Georgia "cracker" understood TOM WATSON better than he did WATSON's contemporaries. Our people love frankness, sincerity, and courage; and those qualities rendered Senator WATSON estimable as a man.

He was, like all sensitive and sensible men, profoundly impressed by the immense misery to be seen all about us. He was not radical; he was not destructive; it is true that he proposed to tear down the bad, but he offered something better than the existing order of things. When he wrote the famous Ocala platform nearly every prominent journal denounced both platform and writer; those journals could see nothing good in either the "creed" or the "dreamer"; but the dreamer lived to see every one of those demands either enacted into law or accepted by the "conservatives," who once bitterly denounced both dreamer and dreams.

Discussing Populism, at that time, the conservative Atlanta Constitution preached against the work of this "political adventurer" who had sprung from the "ranks of the disgruntled." Another conservative journal, the Savannah Morning News, used this language:

" 'Such a lot of cranks, demagogues, small politicians, dangerous theorists, and agitators never before collected anywhere' as this band of Populists. But, those great newspapers have changed their views and they have written beautiful editorials for the income tax; the direct election of Senators; the eight-hour day, and the rural free delivery system."

Senator WATSON's political activities during those days—the nineties—won him national fame. His work bore good fruit. Others gathered the rich harvests, but that neither discouraged the Populist nor lessened his faith in the permanency of the splendid reforms written

SENATOR WATSON

into that Ocala platform by the original exponent of Populism. When the young lawyer closed his Thomson law office to become the tribune of those reforms, he established a permanent place in the hearts of his followers; the flag then intrusted to his care was never dipped to the enemy; adversity and defeat sharpened his weapons, both offensive and defensive; and his shining lance, like the white plume of Navarre, was seen at the front line during every battle.

This leader of another "lost cause" did not surrender when Fate turned the battle against him; he did not desert his comrades, as others did, when the Fusion movement destroyed their organization; he continued the war until the dominant parties accepted his principles.

He passed through the vicissitudes common to all reformers, and he emerged unscathed from every fight.

His enemies could not shake his faith in his followers; they could not turn those followers against their leader.

But Senator WATSON's victories are not confined to the field of politics. The permanency of his fame rests upon his achievements in the world of letters, where his ripe scholarship, good taste, and broad sympathies are set down in that great volume "Napoleon" and in that doubly enriching masterpiece "The Story of France."

The orator's influence can not be conveyed to printed page; the brilliant lawyer whose eloquence shaped verdicts and wrote judgments for clients, can not extend his intellectual superiority beyond the confine of his own generation; the publicist whose burning messages swayed the multitude will continue to live in the hearts of his comrades; but Senator WATSON's permanent memorial is found not in those achievements but in the children of his brain, his books.

Georgia has turned out many great sons; the names of Bob Toombs, Ben Hill, Alex Stephens, William H. Crawford will be cherished by our people forever and ever. Those great men had friends and followers, but not the devotion found in the bosom of a Watson man for TOM WATSON.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Senator WATSON was without a superior as lawyer, scholar, orator, business man, publicist, and statesman. He could measure swords with any man, and his vast storehouse of information enabled him to debate any subject in any forum with all comers.

His home life was ideal; he loved the birds, the trees, the flowers, and they loved Senator WATSON. He was their protector, their friend.

His associates loved him and found him generous in everything.

His servants were not slaves in his eyes; they were human beings and treated as such.

If he ever uttered a harsh word to a coworker I never heard it during the years I spent with him.

He loved his followers—his friends—and when letters came to his house announcing the death of a member of the "Old Guard" this soldier who was not afraid to die broke down and cried like a little child.

During his stormy career he received inspiration from his wife, to whom he was married in 1878, and who followed him through every battle, sharing his victories and helping him to overcome his sorrows.

Mr. Bell of Georgia took the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

SENATOR WATSON

Address by Representative Robertson *Of Oklahoma*

MR. SPEAKER: My first personal impression of the man to whom we have assembled to pay a tribute of respect was through meeting his wife—a true southern gentlewoman—shrinking in manner yet fearless, her silvering hair rippling back from her brow, a bit of old lace at her throat, caught modestly together with an heirloom cameo brooch. She won my heart for all time.

The little book I hold, which is a collection from Senator WATSON's writings, bears the following dedication, penned a decade before his death:

TO MISS GEORGIA DURHAM:

In whose pure affection and loyal soul a briefless young lawyer found favor in the good year 1877, and who not so very long afterwards—for the course of true love, as from time immemorial, did not run smooth—became Mrs. Thomas E. Watson, and who has ever since walked the long path by his side, through health and through sickness, through joy and through sorrow, through sunlight and through the tempest, with the unfaltering devotion of the typical wife, and who now turns with him to face the afternoon of life without any sort of fear, and with the peace of soul that passes understanding.

I want to commend to each of you the little collection of prose gems thus dedicated. In the Bible we read—

Every tree is known by his own fruit. For of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble bush gather they grapes. A good man out of the good treasure of his heart

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

bringeth forth that which is good; and an evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is evil; for of the abundance of the heart his mouth speaketh.

This compilation was published 10 years before he came to the Senate; when he was less battle scarred and world worn. As we knew him here his matchless mentality was struggling to overcome physical weakness.

In "Glimpses Behind the Curtain" we find a rapid, telling portrayal of the very human weaknesses of men whom we have not been accustomed to consider as other than giants, and between the lines of this portraiture may read a certain plea that we shall judge him as has been our judgment of them, by the good of their strongest, truest selves rather than their weakness. So hoping that in this way you may have a new vision of the good in the soul of TOM WATSON we did not perhaps really know, I read to you from these pages words more forceful than any I could utter. His was a personality not immediately understood.

REVERIE AND SUGGESTION

[Extract]

The next great event and happiness of your life was when the sweetheart to whom you had been awkwardly, timidly, making love, let you "cut out" all the other boys, and walk home with her.

Weren't you proud? And wasn't she pretty?

Those clear, pure eyes; those rosy cheeks; those smiling lips; that wealth of glossy hair; those pearly teeth—heavens! how you worshiped her.

SENATOR WATSON

Would you have swapped places with a king that day, when she first accepted your invitation to a buggy ride?

When she came close to you and pinned the hyacinth or the violet to your coat lapel, your heart beat pit-a-pat, and you held your breath till the dainty boutonnière was fixed.

And when you had worn the flower till it was wilted, you reverently laid it away in some book—didn't you? And you have them yet—nor is there gold enough in all the world to buy those faded flowers!

After ever so long a time, as you thought—ages, it seemed to your impatience—she said, "Yes"—and let you kiss her.

Wasn't that a glorious night?

You walked on air as you went back to your home, didn't you?

You were in such a state of happy exhilaration that you couldn't sleep.

Are you ashamed to admit that deep down in your heart was a tender thankfulness to the God who had blessed you with the love of so good a woman?

Ah, well—you were married to her, and you two began the upward struggle together.

How hard the climb of the hill! What labor there was; what disappointments; what days of bleak despondency; what nights of black despair.

In that terrible climb of the hill, did you neglect your wife?

Did you fail of that tender consideration which was her due?

Did you sometimes bring your clouded face and sour mind to the fireside, and morosely impose your own sufferings upon her?

Were those sweet lips made to tremble in mute pain? Those fond eyes to shed secret tears?

Happy the husband who can say, "I never did. Wretch that I am, I can not."

The years pass, pass, pass—and now you are on the western slope of the hill. The wife who climbed the hill

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

with you is still at your side. No matter who else failed you, she did not. No matter who else found fault with you, she never did. If she ever spoke to you unkindly, and served you reluctantly, or fell short of perfect wifely devotion, you did not realize it.

How can you reward your noble wife? Will you not prove to her that you appreciate her? Will you not bring to her that splendid loyalty which a proud woman prizes more highly than a miser prizes gold?

In word, in thought, in deed, will you not be as true to her as she has been to you?

Will you not prove by unfailing tenderness with which you minister to her happiness, now, the depth of your remorse for your shortcomings in those early years?

Will you not call back the spirit of the days of your courtship, and be as proud of her kiss, just as happy to take her to your arms, as on that glorious night when she promised to be yours, and yielded her queenly lips to your kiss?

But perhaps you are of another sort. Perhaps you think all this silly. Maybe the softening touch of Christmas time softens nothing in you. I pray God it may not be so.

For your sake, as well as your wife's, listen: The only human being that you can count on to stand by you, in spite of "the world, the flesh, and the devil," is your wife.

Children will grow up and pass onward—out of your life and into one of their own. Relatives and friends may go with you a long way, but they will not go all the way. Your wife will.

In all the universe you can't be sure of anyone but her. Then make the most of her. Are her cheeks faded? Kiss her on the lips, and then see the roses blossom once more on that pallid face.

Have her eyes been swollen and dim with tears? Put your arms about her and tell her you love her just as much as you ever did.

SENATOR WATSON

Then watch the light of joy kindle those eyes, until they sparkle as brightly as in the days of youth.

Ah, it is so easy to make a woman happy, if the right man wants to do it. And the right man to make your wife happy is you.

Think of the nights you were sick unto death, and she nursed you; think of the fearful agonies of the birth hour, when she brought your children into the world; think of the long-drawn years in which she has daily done the drudgery of a slave; think how she has had to bear the cross of your troubles, as well as her own; think what she has had to go through with in rearing your children; think of her cramped, dull, and monotonous life at home, while you were mingling with the bustling crowds of the outside world.

Think of all this, brother, and allow much for the jaded, faded wife. Go to her and warm your own heart, as well as hers, by talking to her in the old, old way of lovers.

Court her again, as you courted her when you sought her hand.

Tell her that she is just as pretty as ever. This may possibly not be the truth; but if a lie at all, it will be the whitest one you ever told. The Recording Angel may feel in duty bound to charge it upon the debit side of your account, but as he washes it out afterwards with a tear he will enter an item to your credit on the other side of your ledger, and he will write it in letters of gold.



THE WINE CUP

It is a warrior whom no victory can satisfy, no ruin satiate. It pauses at no Rubicon to consider, pitches no tents at nightfall, goes into no quarters for winter. It conquers amid the burning plains of the south, where the phalanx of Alexander halted in mutiny. It conquers amid the snowdrifts of the north, where the grand army of Napoleon found its winding sheet. Its monuments are

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

in every burial ground. Its badges of triumph are the weeds which mourners wear. Its song of victory is the wail that was heard in Ramah: "Rachel crying for her children, and weeping because they are not." It never buries the hatchet; its temple of Janus never closes its doors. No dove of peace ever carries its message; in its hand is never the olive branch. It sends no flag of truce, and receives none; its wounded are left where they fall, and its dead bury their dead. Every citadel that it storms it devastates; and in every charge which it makes its cry is, "No quarter."

Those who fall before its onset die deaths of shame, and they go down to dishonored graves to which love can bring no willing tribute of flowers, and over which pride can rear no enduring monument. To its prisoners it grants no exchange, holds them to no ransom, but clutches them fast, in a captivity that is worse than death, and which ends only at the grave.

The sword is mighty, and its bloody traces reach across time, from Nineveh to Gravelotte, from Marathon to Gettysburg. Yet mightier is its brother, the wine cup. I say "brother," and history says "brother." Castor and Pollux never fought together in more fraternal harmony. David and Jonathan never joined in more generous rivalry. Hand in hand, they have come down the centuries, and upon every scene of carnage, like vulture and shadow, they have met and feasted.

Yea; a pair of giants, but the greater is the wine cup. The sword has a scabbard, and is sheathed; has a conscience, and becomes gluttoned with havoc; has pity, and gives quarter to the vanquished. The wine cup has no scabbard and no conscience; its appetite is a cancer which grows as you feed it; to pity, it is deaf; to suffering, it is blind.

The sword is the lieutenant of death, but the wine cup is his captain; and if ever they come home to him from their wars, bringing their trophies, boasting of their achievements, I can imagine that death, their master, will

SENATOR WATSON

meet them with garlands and song, as the maidens of Judea met Saul and David. But as he numbers the victims of each, his pæan will be: "The sword is my Saul, who has slain his thousands; but the wine cup is my David, who has slain his tens of thousands."



FORTITUDE

Do not become discouraged! Don't lose heart.

You may not be able to see the harvest where you have patiently sown the seed, but be assured of this: no seed is lost.

The truthful word manfully spoken, the earnest effort honestly made, the noble creed consistently held—these are things which do not perish; they live on and move the world and mold the destinies of men long after you are dust.

Leave cowardice to the cowards; leave servility to the slaves. Be a man—proud, though in homespun; free, though in a hut.

Own your own soul!

Dare to listen to your own heartbeat. Between you and God's sunlight let no shadow of fear fall.

What is there to live for, if you are never to think, never to speak, never to act, save as the echo of some master? Better the death of the brave than the long misery of the mental serf.

Not always is it easy to know the right—very often is the road rough. Human praise can be won by shorter routes. Honors and riches are not always its rewards. Pleasanter days and calmer nights may be yours if you float smoothly down the tide of policy, steering deftly by the rules of the expedient.

But has life nothing loftier than this? Is there no divine voice within you that calls for better things? Is there no great pulse beat of duty within you—no flame of the warrior spirit, when insolent wrong flings its gage of battle at your feet?

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Are you willing that the right shall call for aid, and you give no succor; that truth shall plead for help, and you bear no witness?

Is the sacred torch of liberty—passed on from hand to hand, down the ages in which brave men dared to keep it lighted—to find you unwilling to hold it aloft?

Shall the temple of civic freedom, reared by the great men who are gone, stand vacant, calling mutely, calling vainly for votaries at the shrine?

Was it all a mockery—this long struggle your forefathers made for justice? Is it an idle tale—this story of the heroism with which the rights of the people were slowly won?

Not so—not so! Levity may slight and ignorance may disregard the blessed heirlooms of human endeavor, of patriotic purpose, of high-minded self-sacrifice—but they are there, and, like the signal fires of the highlands, they call heroic hearts to duty!

You may have desponded, but you must not despair. You may have stumbled, but you must not fall. You will rouse yourself and press forward. You will do your duty—for that is your religion.

If wrong triumphs, it shall not claim you as a partner in the crime.

If the light dies out in the homes of the people, the curse of the unhappy shall not blast your name.

You shall be a man—loyal, fearless, independent, ready for work, and loyal to the last, to the creed which your heart approves.

Men like these—and no others—won every treasure in the storehouse of liberty, every jewel in the crown of good government, every thread in the golden tissue of religious and political freedom.

Men like these—and no others—are going to keep alive the sacred fires our fathers kindled, are going to stamp out the foul heresies that imperil our rights, are going to fight to the death those who would turn back the march of human happiness, and are going to rededicate this Government to the principles upon which it was founded!

Stand firm and fear not.

SENATOR WATSON

Brave men, who are nothing more than brave, rush into the combat, get worsted and quit.

Brave men, who are something more than brave, take no defeat as final.

Soon after it was my honor to become a Member of this body a friend from my own town came to the Capital on a special mission which I could not enter into beyond giving him desired introductions. My constituent was a native of a southern State—one of those men as gentle as they are fearless, yet with unchangeable convictions of right, and relentless and merciless in carrying out of such convictions. For this reason, as we passed Senator WATSON I stopped to present my friend to the Senator. I was rather surprised that the exchange of greetings seemed perfunctory on both sides. Remembering how of the world's strongest writer, the Apostle Paul, it was said "his letters are weighty and powerful but his bodily presence is weak," I said, after we had passed on, "you knew that was Senator WATSON, of Georgia?" "TOM WATSON, and I passed him by like that?" He had not realized that WATSON, like Napoleon, his ideal, was not a physical giant.

There is an order to which many men belong that knows no creed, but is directed by fraternal regard, rather than narrow obligation. They call themselves the best people on earth, and in one respect, indeed, they are, because with them "the good men do is not interred with their bones" while they allow the ill to live after them, but instead they say: "The frailties of our brothers we write upon the sand." So let us forget, if we might

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

have seen them, any frailties of this man except lessons they may bring to us, and remember the gentleness and sweetness of his life, his own recognition of failure to gain all of his ambitions and his abiding desire for the right. We must think of his bravery and fearlessness in defense of his standards and of his dauntless fights for these ideals. We must do our duty as we see it, and then go bravely forward. None but the Master may make the final verdict as judge. We may go the right road, we may go the wrong, in the trust we are going right. And yet even on the wrong road there may come at our time of mortal peril a wonderful flash of lightning from the sky, showing us where we are, and on the very brink we may look up in self-surrender to the Master and say: "I am wrong, help me; set me right." No one shall ever say that such a last prayer is refused by Him who pitieth all His children.

Address by Representative Lee
Of Georgia

MR. SPEAKER: It is certainly safe to say that the history of Georgia, the Empire State of the South, for the last 40 years has very conspicuously mingled in it the life work of Hon. THOMAS E. WATSON, whom we do well to memorialize to-day. It is likewise not going too far to say that the history and the thought of the United States during these years have been very greatly impressed and influenced by his life and speeches and writings. In many ways he went far ahead of his times. He advocated more than 30 years ago many of the great moral movements which were then scorned and ridiculed as visionary and impracticable, and which have since then reached full fruition in the legislation of the country.

He was always a foe to sham and an apostle of the genuine. He believed in the doctrine, "Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may." He was never daunted by difficulty or swayed in his thoughts or his actions by circumstances. He did not follow the herd. He did not follow anybody. He led where his own convictions pointed. From this distinguished feature of his character the most useful lessons can be drawn. Certainly great influence was for this reason exerted by him.

It is a sad but nevertheless true thing to say that one of the distressing signs of the times is the disposition of people to follow the leader, to let others

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

do their thinking, to go with the tide. It is one of the discouraging symptoms of the day. The world is full of illustrations of the fact that men and women far too often allow others to do their thinking; likewise that they formulate their actions upon bases that have little or no relationship to fact or truth or righteousness or the object to be attained. Senator WATSON did much to displace this with individual thinking. He set a high example of such thinking, and made it so plain that he who would might follow.

Mr. Speaker, this is peculiarly an age of propaganda. The country is now more largely governed by propaganda than by any other means or force. Big offices in Washington, with big staffs, make big money by securing widespread publication of many kinds of propaganda. They call themselves publicity bureaus; they are really propaganda bureaus. In hundreds of instances those concerned put out their own propaganda. The public is so bombarded with it through the newspapers and pamphlets of all kinds that it is almost impossible to tell when one reads his paper or his mail what motives or what interests are back of what he reads.

I believe I can safely say that but few men have appeared who, with keener edge of satire and ridicule, have punctured the bubbles of deception and false propaganda than has our brilliant deceased friend.

Mr. Speaker, I wish I had TOM WATSON's facility of language that I might paint a word picture of his struggles in early life and the indomitable will

SENATOR WATSON

with which he overcame all obstacles. He was between eight and nine years old when the Civil War closed. His family—the best of Georgia stock—who had been modestly independent, had had their property swept away by the ruthless hand of war. Therefore, the most impressionable and formative years of his young life were spent amid the horrible days of reconstruction—the bitterest times that the South ever saw—times as bitter as any country on earth before or since has ever seen. But the courage and ambition of this frail country boy were undaunted. He determined to secure an education, to make a career, to carve out his own fortune, to help his people, to become their tribune. How well he succeeded has been many times told in the public prints of Georgia and in both Houses of Congress during the progress of these eulogies.

Not more true nor impressive have been the stories of the early life of Garfield, “The Canal Boat Boy”; of Henry Clay, “The Mill Boy of the Slashes”; Andrew Johnson, “The Tailor”; of Abraham Lincoln, “The Rail Splitter”; of infirmities and early struggles of Alexander Hamilton Stephens, or of other indomitable men of history. I dare to say that even as the South he loved so well displayed its finest spirit in its darkest hours, so did he manifest his greatest courage and his most indomitable character when ill fortune did its worst toward crushing him. And even as the South rose triumphant over all opposition, so did he rise above every misfortune, every disaster, every discouragement, to the highest position in the gift of his State, to be the recognized tribune of his

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

people, to an admitted loyal personal following greater than ever held by any other man of his generation.

He was a commoner in the highest sense of the term. He believed in the plain people. He fought for the common man. He proclaimed the rights of the under dog. The passion of his life lay in demanding justice for the common, everyday man. The powers of wealth, dignity, high position, influence, nor anything else ever caused him for a moment to forget the needs of humanity.

Nearly every one of us in our schoolboy days has declaimed the great address of Spartacus to the gladiators, in which he said:

Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief, who for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast which the broad empire of Rome could furnish and who never yet lowered his arm.

I call those who knew Senator WATSON to witness that for forty long years he met upon the arena of politics, the forum of public discussion, and the courthouse, all comers, of all creeds, of all kinds, on all subjects, and fought them to a finish in every matter of controversy, and never shirked or dodged or equivocated or lowered his flag. He appears to have had no fear. Nothing daunted him. Nothing could stop him. Neither the world, the flesh, nor the devil—neither the power of the church, or state, or wealth—neither the Army, or Navy, or the Government—nothing could swerve him from the free, full, and forcible expression of his own convictions.

That he loved to fight a bit too well and possibly fight too often is probably true; but better far to err on this side than on the more numerous side of equivocation, dodging, backing, and filling that too much characterizes business men, professional men, and politicians of the present day.

Indeed, the critics of our departed friend could find many things in his career to criticize—so they could in the career of any other red-blooded, aggressive, progressive man. That he had a very high temper is true; that he often gave way to his temper is true; that he sometimes carried his opposition to things he did not like too far is true; that he was a good hater is true. A wise old man once proclaimed his love for a good hater and made out a very good case along the line that the man who has not the power of hating likewise is too apt not to have the power of loving and the aggressive forces necessary to accomplish things in a world in which all progress includes, at least, a considerable element of strife.

Passing over his well-known struggles to get an education, the beginning of his practice of the law, the rapid growth of that practice, the winning of financial success—all of which are well known—may I mention a few crucial periods of his career?

In 1880, when but 24 years old, he was a delegate to the famous Georgia gubernatorial convention of that year. He electrified the old-timers with the most eloquent and dramatic speech of the convention—on the losing side, as was most often the case with him—but losing bravely, as usual.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Two years later he became a member of the Georgia Legislature—made a conspicuous record—and closed the long and fierce debate on prohibition with a singularly eloquent speech.

Following his advocacy of the common man he led the fight for the Farmers' Alliance in 1890; was elected to the Fifty-second Congress; was nominated for Speaker by the Populists; was easily the leader of that party, and added to his reputation of fearlessness and constructive ability.

As the Populist nominee for Vice President on the Bryan ticket in 1896, while Mr. Arthur Sewell, of Maine, was the Democratic nominee on the same ticket and was favored by Mr. Bryan, TOM WATSON again bravely made an utterly hopeless fight. As the candidate of the People's Party for President in 1904, he made a marvelous campaign against hopeless odds to revive the party. He appeared to care nothing for success, or, at least, he continuously subordinated success to the principles of his cause.

Through all the intervening and following years, he, with tongue and pen, kept up his fight. The success, the popularity, the trials of his papers and magazines; his wonderful work as a historian, acknowledged and acclaimed by friends and opponents alike, all these make a thrilling story too long to tell.

Again, in 1920, when in the Georgia presidential preference primary no candidate appeared to espouse the principles he believed in, he became the candidate himself and rolled up a vote that astounded the State. Later in the same year, in

SENATOR WATSON

one of the most spectacular campaigns ever known in the South, he won the nomination to the United States Senate by a popular and county unit majority.

Then came, as a fitting rounding out of his marvelous life, his useful and constructive career in the Senate, resulting in his not only holding all his old friends, but gaining the respect of his opponents and winning over to himself many new friends and supporters.

His indomitable industry and will continued to the very last. He made the last speech of the session in the Senate. He died proclaiming the doctrines and fighting the battles of the people.

Passionately loving the South, his own State, his own people, he centered his love first of all about his hearthstone, and largely drew his inspiration from his family associations. I wish I had the time and the delicacy of touch to paint his beautiful home life—his love for his devoted wife and her ever-continuing inspiration to him; his love for his children, whom fate took away from him. And to these should be added, as testimonials to his magnetic nature, the devotion accorded him by the managing editor of his paper, Mrs. Alice Louise Lytle; by the assistant editor, Grover C. Edmondson; by his circulation manager, "Uncle Charlie" Atkinson; in a word, by the whole force of those who worked with him. From this safe and sane base, his influence and his following radiated throughout his State, the South, and the Nation.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Those who loved him, and they are legion, can greatly rejoice that—

They have well learned, in hours of faith,
This truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is always Lord of Death
And Love can never lose its own.

Editor, orator, author, statesman, tribune of the common people, friend of mankind—eternal peace be to you.

SENATOR WATSON

Address by Representative Larsen *Of Georgia*

MR. SPEAKER: For more than 25 years it was my good fortune to enjoy the personal acquaintance of the distinguished Senator whose life and public service we commemorate to-day.

No native or adopted son of Georgia ever made a greater impress upon its people than did Senator THOMAS E. WATSON. This occasion will record no sentiment that can add to his fame or glory. It is a part of the history of our country and his name will be treasured forever in the hearts and affections of those who knew him.

The ambitious youth seeking for inspiration will gather it from the record of his achievements. In a modest country home, nestled among the bare red hills of Georgia, he may enter and form the acquaintance of an obscure, red-headed, freckle-faced boy, who was ushered upon the stage of life during the tempestuous days of political excitement just preceding the Civil War, and whose life career seemed shaped by destiny to be not unlike the years of his early existence.

Through the misfortunes of war he became a victim of poverty, and therefore learned early in life to battle against adversity. In these contests he was not always victorious—although sometimes beaten to the ground—yet, he never surrendered.

Penniless and without friends to aid him, he was driven from college at the end of his sophomore

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

year. As the principal of a country school he accumulated sufficient funds that he might have returned to college and completed his education, but domestic complications were then to be considered. It had become a choice between the completion of a college education and the care of parents crushed by poverty in their declining years. He did not hesitate to choose, and, as was so characteristic of his nature, he pursued the most honorable course. This he did, however, without relaxation of private study. By industrious reading at nights and other spare moments he was soon enabled to pass the bar examination and enter upon the practice of law. By the end of the second year his earnings were such that he arranged to purchase the dilapidated farm from which the misfortunes of war had driven the family.

The parents were once more comfortable and happy; for a time at least fortune seemed to smile upon him. The ability of the young barrister was soon recognized—he became one of the leading lawyers of his section and honors were in his reach.

He first became a member of the Georgia Legislature and served with distinction. His election to Congress followed. Serving in this body he secured the first appropriation for rural free delivery of mail, and rendered other valuable service to the country; but, casting his lot with the new People's Party, he was defeated for reelection at the end of his first term. Political reverse after reverse followed, and for a time he seemed to have met his political Waterloo.

SENATOR WATSON

He returned to the practice of law and was soon regarded not only one of the most profound lawyers of the State, but also as one of its greatest forensic orators and successful advocates. His professional services were sought in every section of the State, and his clients extended from the mountains to the sea.

Mr. Speaker, I may have reached that age in life which inclines my mind to magnify the happenings of youth, but if my judgment is not in error, the man whose memory we commemorate to-day was, when in his prime, one of the greatest trial lawyers I ever saw at the bar. His fortune grew with the passing years, but his professional success—phenomenal as it was—did not seem to satisfy nor to compensate his restless mind for the political reverse and disappointment which had come to him. Even thus, while fortune smiled, he determined to retire from both politics and the law and devote himself to literature. Upon his accomplishments in this field rests the most enduring achievement of his many-sided career.

One's contemporaries are not always best qualified to judge as to his merits. We of to-day may be swayed by affection, or biased by prejudice, but the historian of to-morrow will have a clear vision of the past and should render unerring judgment. I have no doubt that when the record of Senator WATSON has been written it will reveal him as one of the most scintillating stars in the constellations of the universe. His keen intellect, retentive memory, and love for information, combined with a capacity for study and reflection, made him an

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

“intellectual ocean whose waves beat upon almost every shore of thought.”

His numerous writings proclaim his genius, but his *Life of Napoleon* and his *Story of France* combine historical research and knowledge with such literary ability as to entitle him to a place of high rank among the best authors of the century.

So far as the obtaining and the retention of office is concerned he may not be considered a practical politician, though it must be admitted that when selected by the Democratic Party he served with signal ability in the legislature of his own State and in both Houses of the United States Congress. In addition to this he was twice the nominee of the People's Party—once for President and once for Vice President. Returning to the Democratic Party he again became a candidate for President, and was afterwards elected to the Senate of the United States, in which position he died. Even those who may assert him to have been an impractical politician must admit that for more than a quarter of a century he so dominated the political fortunes of others that he made and unmade both State and Federal officials.

All forms of oppression were abhorrent to his nature. He hated corruption whether in church or state, and with the heart of a crusader he attacked always where he suspected its existence. Senator WATSON had the courage of his convictions. He never hesitated to approve what he considered right, or to denounce what he believed was wrong. In speech and writings, at times, he

SENATOR WATSON

was caustic, but in personality he was pleasing, and in emotion always generous.

The plan of Christian salvation teaches sacrifice. Senator WATSON's life was one of self-sacrifice. Is a life void of sacrifice worth the living? Were the accomplishments worth the price he paid? Ask those who best knew him; ask those who best knew the great work he did; ask those who were with the funeral party; those who saw the crowded stations between Washington and Thomson; ask those who saw the thousands of sad-faced men and women from every walk of life, and from every section of our country, who thronged the streets of his home town in the hope of catching a last glimpse of their fallen chief, and to pay a simple tribute of respect to his memory, and they will answer—yes. No greater tribute of love, no greater inspiration for public service was ever witnessed.

Senator WATSON, at an early age, was happily married. His gentle wife survives him. A son and a daughter came to bless his home, but the death angel kissed them into eternal sleep years ago. This masterful intellect, with all its abiding faith, could never understand why such crushing grief should come to him, but let us hope—let us believe—that to him the mystery has been revealed; that father, son, and daughter have joined in a happy reunion on the golden shore of eternal life where there are no sacrifices to be made or disappointments to be endured.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Address by Representative Wright *Of Georgia*

MR. SPEAKER: It is a mournful pleasure to join with my colleagues in paying tribute to the life and character of the lamented THOMAS E. WATSON, who was representing his native State and mine in the upper branch of Congress when death cut short his brilliant career.

Others may have been in more intimate touch with the eminent Georgian than was my privilege; others may be more eloquent in eulogizing his public service and personal virtues, but I dare say none had more admiration for his brilliant attainments nor could appraise his worth more fairly.

Residing in opposite extremes of the great State which gave us birth, personal contact with Mr. WATSON was necessarily limited by distance and by the infrequent occasions when association was made convenient or practicable; but after he came to Washington we were often together in conference over matters of legislation and other questions in which we were mutually interested. Upon these occasions I never failed to enlist his sympathetic interest and cooperation. I was thus afforded an opportunity to study at close range the human side of the man and found him not the least stilted or impulsive either in manner or speech, but a most charming companion, and moreover a safe adviser when his advice was sought. One could not fail to be impressed by his

earnestness, his sincerity, howsoever one might withhold approval of his views upon some public questions, as I sometimes did, yet always with a lingering admiration for his plausible logic and his unwavering sturdiness of purpose. He seemed never to forget anything he had heard or read and was as familiar with the history of his own country and that of the nations of the world as with his alphabet.

I venture to assert he had the confidence, devotion, and loyalty of a band of adherents never enjoyed by any man in public life in Georgia.

Often caricatured by his critics as a many-sided man—vitriolic and unrelenting in his bitter moods, and at other times emotional and tender as a child—he was an enigma to friend and enemy alike. It was my pleasure to know only the better side of his nature. If he had a worse side, it was not revealed in my intercourse with him. If he attained eminence as a publicist, he was even more distinguished in the world of letters, his literary productions ranking with those of the most scholarly writers and most profound thinkers of his time. His flaming genius, his wonderful grasp of a subject, his capacity to get the pith and substance of a proposition, his mastery of details, marks him as a man among men, whom to know was to respect and admire. True, he may have had faults, both of temper and tongue—few among us have not—but with it all he will be acclaimed by impartial biographers as one of the outstanding figures in the affairs of his State and Nation.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Sometimes the secrets of this mystery called death we may know; and when our departed friend turned to the silent and unknown future, let us believe he could rely with unfaltering faith upon that most impressive and momentous assurance ever delivered to the sons of men—

He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.

Mr. WRIGHT. Mr. Speaker, some of our colleagues are unavoidably detained at their homes in Georgia, and I ask unanimous consent that they may be permitted to extend their remarks in the Record.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Without objection, it will be so ordered.

There was no objection.

SENATOR WATSON

Address by Representative Logan *Of South Carolina*

MR. SPEAKER: I take this opportunity of paying a sincere, if humble, personal tribute to the late Senator WATSON. I enjoyed only a very slight acquaintance with the Senator, although, in common with the American people, I had long heard and known of him before I came to Washington. I took early opportunity to seek out the Senator and gain his acquaintance. In my State, among my people, as among the American people generally, Senator WATSON was regarded as having those qualities which always command admiration from the American people. He had a high degree of intelligence, he had complete and absolute honesty of purpose, and he had courage, morally and physically, of the very highest order.

In my campaign last summer there was injected as an issue a measure now pending in the American Congress. I was opposed to the measure. I had been written to about it by many constituents, and I had said that the measure was in committee, that I would give it careful consideration and earnest attention, as I was asked to do, and that when it came upon the floor of Congress if I could vote for it I would do so. Senator WATSON had been written to about that measure, and he replied in an editorial in the *Columbia Sentinel*, his newspaper, in which he said to his people he thought the measure was absolutely wrong, that it was

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

destructive of the rights of the States, and he wrote against it in the most able way. My constituents were not satisfied that I should discuss that measure on the floor of Congress when it came up for consideration and insisted that I must state as to how I should vote upon it. I then said that if that was the case, I was against the measure, and that I would do everything in my power to prevent its becoming a law.

When I went out through my district in South Carolina from stump to stump I read that editorial to those people, and I say now to his colleagues from Georgia that I believe in the rural districts of South Carolina he was as much beloved and as highly thought of and commanded as much respect as he did in his native State of Georgia. I read that editorial to my people, and everywhere I went they believed that if TOM WATSON was against that measure, if he had looked into it and considered it and believed it not to the interest of the South and the southern people whom he loved so much, it could not be good, it could not be entitled to their support. When the ballots were counted and I was elected I felt that I was under personal obligation to that able, splendid, Georgia Senator. It had been my intention to go to him personally and express to him my gratitude for what I considered he had done for me, but like many other things we put off, I did not have opportunity to avail myself of that pleasure. I was shocked when I saw that he had passed away, and when I heard that these ceremonies were to be held to-day I felt that it was my duty

SENATOR WATSON

as a man to come here and to pay this humble tribute to his memory. It is absolutely sincere, it comes from the bottom of my heart, and if in the mysterious workings of Providence, in the unfathomable wisdom of God Almighty, it may be possible for that distinguished Senator to hear what I have to say to-day, he knows that I thank him for what I consider he did for me and for my people.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Address by Representative Wise *Of Georgia*

MR. SPEAKER: We have assembled to-day for the purpose of paying tribute to a great Georgian. When the announcement of the death of Senator WATSON reached his native State, thousands were bowed down in grief; everywhere the expression was heard, "We have lost one of our greatest men."

The storms began to break early in his life. Born in the year 1856, just before the Civil War, in fairly good circumstances financially, he was, on account of the war and financial reverses, early thrown on his own resources, and here doubtless began the experiences which decided his destiny and mission in life. He knew what it meant to work on a farm for very small wages; to teach a country school; to walk to and from a country lawyer's office, carrying his lunch with him; to have few of the real necessities of life; to have a longing ambition for an education and no means by which to gratify it.

He succeeded in having two years in college, and was forced, for financial reasons, to leave. He then taught school and studied law at night, under adverse circumstances, but with that indomitable will and courage which was characteristic of his whole life.

All around him in his early manhood he saw poverty, distress, an oppressed and down-trodden

SENATOR WATSON

people. Doubtless these things had a great deal to do with his future life, devoted to the interests of the poor, the weak, the needy, the helpless, the oppressed. It was said of him by one who knew him well: "By choice, by education, by inheritance, by environment, WATSON was the uncontrolled and uncontrollable tribune of the people. Born to dare for the people; to lead the people; to conquer for the people; and to die in the arms of popular love and righteousness."

His career was one of trial and struggle, of failure and success, of disappointment and achievement—all, as he believed, for the people and for the people's good. No storm ever turned back the onward feet of this man. No denial or disaster ever quenched the burning flame of his ambition. His disappointments were many. He often felt that he was mistreated, misjudged, misrepresented. I have no doubt he was. Yet he never swerved from the course he had selected.

He served one term in Congress. During that brief period he left his impress upon legislation of great benefit to that class of people to whom he had consecrated his life and his talents; in fact, to the benefit of all the people.

He was a candidate for reelection. It was one of the bitterest campaigns ever waged in Georgia. Enmities were engendered which were never completely healed; divisions among the people of his district which still exist to a large extent. It was and is still thought that he was elected by a majority of the qualified voters of the district, but he never obtained the certificate and was never

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

seated. This he doubtless felt keenly. Who would not? It changed his entire course, but not the determination to carry on his work as he conceived it, in the interest of the people of his State. He simply pursued another but more enduring course, and one which brought to him his greatest fame and reputation: that of a historian. To this we are indebted for his "Life of Napoleon," his "Story of France," "The Life and Times of Andrew Jackson," "The Life of Thomas Jefferson," "Bethany, a Study and Story of the Old South," and his writings as an editor, in all of which was clearly shown his great storehouse of knowledge and ability, and through all of which, as I study his life, runs the one predominating thought and purpose, that he might be of service to those unable to help themselves, to serve humanity.

He was a great lawyer. It was necessary to hear him to fully realize his ability. As an advocate before a jury he had no equal. He was recognized as one of the best lawyers of his time.

There was another side to his life with which the public was not so well acquainted. He had strong, devoted friends and bitter enemies. He never shunned battle, and yet he was in his social life kind and tender, a gentleman, truly, of the old school. Judging from his writings, his thoughts turned often to the real things of life and the hereafter. May I here quote from an article denominated "The Late"?

Who are "The Late"? They are men who have acted their part and have left the stage. They are the dead.

SENATOR WATSON

I look over the list of "The Late" and I read the name of one I knew. Was he my foe? Was there enmity between us?

Alas, how pale and worthless the feud now appears. My passion is all gone. His white hand seems to wave me a flag of truce. Death obliterates his faults (if indeed they were his faults and not my prejudices), and I recall whatever was manly and strong and admirable in him. I review our differences, mourn over the estrangement, and grieve that malice ever arose between us. The way is so short, the time for joy so brief, human ills of the inevitable sort so numerous, that it seems to me now a supreme pity that we willfully added to the thorns which beset our journey.

Reader, some day our names will go into the columns of "The Late." The list is there and our names will be written into the blank after a while.

To us it will not matter at all what the world may think or may say when it reads our names in the list. We will be at rest then—so far as the world is concerned. Love can not reach us—nor malice, thank God! Misconstruction, envy, hatred, can hurt us no more. It matters not what the world will say, except in so far as the world speaks the truth.

While we lived the false may have worked us enormous harm. It can never harm us again. The true will reign supreme.

How true are these words to-day. How short life is, and how foolish for one man to judge another harshly and go through life with envy, hatred, and malice against his fellow man.

He also had a high and exalted ideal of life itself. The only life that is worth the while of any man. Let him speak:

What, truly, is the life worth living?

It is to cultivate, expand, energize, and consecrate all that is best within you; to search for Truth and Right

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

and to lay your willing sword at their feet; to combat all shams and hypocrisies and superstitions and frauds and errors and oppressions; to love the best interests of your fellow man and to put your whole heart in the struggle for his advancement, in spite of his own cruel hatred and persecutions.

What though this life condemns you to unrequited labor, unappreciated effort, the ingratitude which cuts like a knife, and the misrepresentation which chills worse than the wintry wind? All this is outward, temporary, inconsequent, the mere passing of the fleeting clouds, nothing more than incidental discords on the great harp of life. Things like these wound, inflict pain, sadden the soul somewhat, but they do not change the course of the vessel nor make coward of him who stands sturdily at the wheel steering through the night by the everlasting stars. * * *

The life which is worth living has not always led to ease, worldly success, happiness, and earthly honor.

Too often the man who consecrates himself to the nobler purpose has been what the world called a failure, has been led away into captivity by pitiless foes, has died at the stake amid tortures. * * *

I have fought a good fight. Never once did I lower my flag. To the right, as God gave me to see it, I was always true. Not once did I bend the knee to the wrong, consciously.

All my life I fought for the betterment of humanity. Here are the scars to show it. Defeat has rolled over me, but not dishonor.

To no man or woman have I knowingly done hurt; if I have not done some good, it is not because I failed to try.

On millions of my fellow men I found the chains of bondage more galling than slavery; I did my utmost to show them how to be free.

Millions I found hungry, naked, homeless; I did my best to point the way out of poverty into plenty. * * *

SENATOR WATSON

Yea! I have fought a good fight. Here are the wounds. No white flag flew over my citadel. It held out to the last.

Loneliness pained but did not subdue me; persecution saddened but did not conquer me; friends deserted me and foes multiplied, but I was not utterly cast down. The sacred torch of human progress I held aloft, even as better men had done in the ages of the past.

Its light will not fail. Others will seize upon it and bear it on. Some day the night will pass, and the human race will no longer grope in the gloom.

In that my faith is strong. For that I have never ceased to watch and pray and work.

And now my part is done. The shadows gather about me—but I am not afraid. The voices from the darkness call for me—and without regret I go.

Beautiful language. High conception of the true and only life worth while. He undertook to fulfill that life according to his own convictions and in his own way so far as mortal man could. I am glad to quote his words here, for some one floundering around on the stormy sea of life may see it and gain new courage to fight on to the end.

He is dead, but his works still live and will grow in splendor as the days go by, and his life work judged without passion and prejudice, remembering the good he has done for humanity.

The passing away of a man of such ability and power was a loss to the Nation and to his own State and to that large class of people everywhere who trusted and followed him for so many years, through sunshine and shadow, through victory and defeat, even unto death.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Address by Representative Lankford *Of Georgia*

MR. SPEAKER: When a very small boy I read of TOM WATSON and longed for the time when I might see him and hear him speak. When the first opportunity presented itself I was delighted and heard him make a most eloquent and masterful argument in behalf of the South.

I later heard him make a great speech of a political nature in my home town of Douglas, Ga., and heard him next after he came to the Senate. One of my dreams as a boy was to see and hear some of the great men of the Nation. My fondest dreams have been fully realized by my being permitted to serve with them here in the Congress. Senator WATSON came to the Senate with more information than most Senators ever acquire and was recognized at once as one of the very best informed men in that august body.

His speeches were eloquent, logical, and persuasive in the extreme and always received the closest attention from those who differed with him as well as from those who agreed with him. Friend and foe admired his great information, his most excellent language, and his matchless eloquence. Even when a sick man, and scarcely able to stand, he oftentimes soared into the ethereal realm of eloquence and argued his cause with a force that appeared to be more than human.

SENATOR WATSON

To him, Thomas Jefferson was the ideal statesman. It is quite a coincidence that Senator WATSON, the great scholar and writer, should in many physical respects so closely resemble the great scholar and writer who wrote our Declaration of Independence. Very near the seat which Senator WATSON occupied in the Senate there hangs in the corridor of the Capitol a picture of Thomas Jefferson which is also a splendid picture of Senator WATSON. While walking near this picture one day with Senator WATSON, I said, "Senator, that picture of Thomas Jefferson is also a good picture of you." Senator WATSON smiled and replied, "Judge Lankford, several others have told me the same thing."

Senator WATSON was a hard worker. His service in the Senate was very probably shortened by his working here when most men, sick as he was, would have left off work altogether. Senator WATSON was active on the floor of the Senate the last day of the last regular session of Congress. This was four days before he died. Early in this his last day's service in the Senate he said:

I beg to make in one sentence the statement that when a vote was reached on the question as to whether the veto of the President of the soldiers' bonus bill should be overridden, I was struggling between life and death with asthma and had no chance to arrange a pair or to vote. Had I been present I would have voted to override that veto.

The silvery voice of Senator WATSON, which had been heard so often in behalf of the common people and which voice was so soon to be hushed by

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

death, was the last voice to be heard in the proceedings of the Senate before final adjournment. His last words were against high-handed oppression and in behalf of some suffering, struggling miners and their families. He submitted and had printed in the Record several letters and clippings showing that some mine owners in Pennsylvania were unjustly turning some men, women, and children out of their homes. Senator WATSON was on duty to the last, "faithful to the end."

Senator WATSON loved the South and was ever ready to defend her and her people. On the 13th day of July, 1921, I heard him during a speech in the Senate make a most splendid reference to Gen. Robert E. Lee and to the Confederate soldiers buried in the cemetery at Arlington. He said:

You go out to Arlington, once the home of Robert E. Lee, who, as Theodore Roosevelt said, was the flower of Anglo-Saxon chivalry, the greatest soldier that our race ever produced, asleep in marble at Lexington, beside him the most splendid of human swords—sleeping in marble at Lexington but living yet. Go to Arlington, and from the very time you enter the gates you are reminded, not of civilians but of heroes who fought battles on land and sea, which they thought were righteous, on the one side and on the other. Years ago it had been the custom there, Mr. President, to strew flowers only upon the Union graves. The men who had worn the gray slept beneath the sod with no roses and no lilies and no garlands upon their graves.

It thus happened on one Memorial Day that all the graves of Union soldiers were elaborately decorated with flowers, as was so natural to our friends of the North; and the southern graves of the "Rebels," if you please, had no flowers. During the night there came up out of

SENATOR WATSON

the west the voice of the storm, the thunder rolled and the wind blew, and when the morning sun rose Providence had lifted those flowers and part of them rested impartially upon the graves of the Confederate dead.

Mr. Speaker, it is impossible to describe the eloquence of Senator WATSON or his wonderful power as a speaker. One of the best articles along this line was in the Observer, concerning a speech delivered by Mr. WATSON, at Newton, N. C., October 3, 1904. From this article is the following quotation:

Mr. THOMAS E. WATSON is not fairly represented in the pictures of him. He is not a large man, but of good proportions. He is well groomed and wears his clothes well. His face is full of healthful color. His jaws fit together firmly, and his sensitive red lips are expressive. He has that cut of nostril, thin and shapely, which sometimes means pride and always courage. His brownish yellow hair is thick and shocks over his forehead when he speaks. His eye is large and beautiful, and when he smiles the lower lid comes up and half conceals it.

He stood here to-day and spoke for an hour and a half, extemporaneously, and his language was classic and his thought as clear as sunshine. He is not a strenuous speaker, but the most persuasive, the most engaging and entertaining that I have ever heard.

The newspaper after quoting extensively from Mr. WATSON's speech said:

Mr. WATSON dwelt on the race question. His face wore a winning smile. His voice has a subtle quality, suggesting reserve power; and when he let it fall at his periods, there was something in it so sweet, so persuasive, that you can understand it only when you hear it. It seemed that he had extended his personality to his audience. While he was discussing straight political

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

topics, making no effort at pathos or eloquence, I saw hundreds of eyes swimming in tears from no other cause than the mental excitement. I never saw people listen in this rapt way before. The little quiet-mannered man stood there, making a few gestures, not often raising his voice to a high pitch, not a hint of perspiration about him, but his very calmness was the calmness of strength.

The Observer again quoted from Mr. WATSON'S speech at length and then used the following quotation with the following comments:

When I [Mr. WATSON] stood up in Congress and advocated that the mails should be distributed to the country people I was laughed at. Now 40,000 men are employed in the rural free delivery of mail and \$26,000,000 expended. I have offered to give \$1,000—and I'm able to do it, thank God—to anyone who will show that I am not the originator of the rural free delivery of mails.

He cited the Congressional Record for February 17, 1893. No one can understand how impressive it was when he said, concluding this subject:

After I had been counted out and was not to be a Congressman any more, I remembered you; and now, since you have the opportunity, are you going to remember me?

He said this with his hands outstretched to the people. The beauty of it all was in the way in which it was said and done. There was not a ripple of applause, but tears were on many a cheek. It was the man's wonderful presence.

That was a splendid flight of oratory on the employment of children in factories. Now the South, with all its chivalry and humanity, winks at this thing, and the North, protecting its own children

SENATOR WATSON

by statute, invests its capital in southern mills, where it can employ southern children.

"And we bow down to the Christ who loved little children, and have been taught to love Him because He cared for the helpless."

The scene at the close of this speech was remarkable. The people crowded about WATSON to shake his hand, and many of them were crying. There was no reason why they should be so moved, except that it was in the air. I have heard Bryan, Gunsaulus, the Dixons, and other great speakers, but this beat the band.

Several years ago John Temple Graves, in the *Georgian*, paid a most beautiful tribute to Senator WATSON. Among other things he said, speaking of Senator WATSON:

The publicist remains, leader of lost causes, focal of faction, and center of economic storms. He has fought his brave battle, with unbroken courage and with unfailing eloquence, to the armed armistice or to the predestined end. He has rebuked temptation, refused every compromise of principle, turned his back upon the glittering promises of office which were set for his return to the rank of the dominant faction, and with a consistency, pledged in sacrifice and maintained in heroic isolation, he has kept the faith of his advocacies and followed his convictions to successive stakes of martyrdom.

Through loneliness, misunderstanding, and misrepresentation, TOM WATSON has not faltered in fidelity to the cause and the people adopted as his own twelve years ago.

And he has rarely won. Never but once in his battle-scarred career has victory perched upon his banners or the flags of his faith over a triumphant field. His eloquence has been praised, his logic has been lauded, his consistency has been conceded, and his splendid courage has wrung tribute from his sternest foes. But by the world's standards, which are selfish and material,

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

he must be measured as a defeated man—a baffled warrior—who has nearly always failed.

The defeated publicist—sitting for ten years desolate by his hearthstone—working out in solitude and patient honesty the strong convictions of his faith, goes forth with high courage and heroic zeal to fight. Great odds are piled against him. Slander stabs his name; scornful ridicule assails; money mocks his eloquence; friends fall away; comrades turn traitors in a night; bitterness blurs his battles; the ranks are hostile that were once his friends, and on the final field where he has staked and lost in dauntless sincerity his patriot sympathies and his brave beliefs, night falls in failure and darken in defeat.

But the patient publicist, struggling in darkness and defeat, has wrought like the tapestry weavers that work across the sea—worked on the wrong side, maybe, but worked for the right side aye. Parties that scorned him once are absorbing now his creeds; platforms that mocked him are marking his principles in planks that plead, and the people persuaded so often to defeat him and deny, are awakening at last to see that his warning was wisdom and that his signal was the safety of the State.

Senator WATSON had many noble virtues which made him a great power in his State and Nation. One of his greatest virtues was his great love of people. He loved the folks and the folks loved him. No man without this great love could have spoken or written as he did. There is nothing in all literature truer or prettier than Senator WATSON'S tribute to the country wife.

I told Senator WATSON one day that I wanted his permission to have this most splendid tribute printed in the Congressional Record so I could mail it to the good people of my district. He said he would be glad for this to be done. Neither of us then thought he would die so soon and that

SENATOR WATSON

I would use it as part of a memorial address on his life and service. I told Senator WATSON that his tribute to the country wife was appreciated very much by me, as it was such an accurate description of my own dear mother who has been dead these 18 years. He said he had his own mother in mind when he wrote it.

It is a most splendid description of thousands of good women in our country. No man without the greatest of love for the mothers of our Nation could have written it. Let me read it to you:

There are thousands of devoted and absolutely admirable wives and mothers in our cities, in our towns, and in our villages, and it gives me pleasure and pride to testify to the fact; but if you ask me to carry you to the home of the true wife and the true mother, one who loses herself entirely in the existence of her husband and children, one who is the first to rise in the morning and the last to retire at night, one who is always at her post of duty, and the one who carries upon her shoulders the burdens of both husband and children, one who is keeper of the household and the good angel of it, utterly unselfish, happy in making others happy, with no thought of fashionable pleasure, perfectly content in quiet home life in which she does nobody harm and everybody much good, taking as many thorns as she can from the pathway of her husband and strewing it with as many roses as possible, strengthening him by her inspiration as he goes forward to fight the battle of life, smoothing the pillow upon which he rests his tired head when he comes home, tenderly rearing the boys and girls who will in turn go away from the door some day for the last time—the boy to become a good soldier in life's continuous warfare, and the girl to become some ardent suitor's wife and to be to him what her mother has been to her father; and who, when all toils are done and her strength

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

is departing, will sit calmly in the doorway, watching the setting sun, with a serene smile upon her face, and never a fear in her heart—ask me to find where this woman lives, where this type is to be found, and I will make a bee line for the country.

Senator WATSON loved the country folks and they loved him. There is no prettier or truer tribute to the farmer in literature than Senator WATSON'S "Planting Corn." The picture is so true to life. I can see my father now in the "old bay field" plowing and us children dropping corn. It is a true picture of millions of farmers and their children planting corn. Here it is:

The bluebird was out to-day; out in his blossiest plumage, his throat gurgling with song.

For the sunlight was warm and radiant in all the South, and the coming of spring had laid its benediction on every field and hedge and forest.

The smell of newly plowed ground mingled with the subtle incense of the yellow jasmine; and from every orchard a shower of the blossoms of peach and apple and pear was wafted into the yard and hung lovingly on the eaves and in the piazzas of the old homestead—the old and faded homestead.

Was there a cloud in all the sky? Not one, not one.

"Gee ! Mule !!!"

"Dad blast your hide, why don't you gee-e-EE !!"

"Co-whack" goes the plowline on the back of the patient mule—the dignified upholder of mortgages, "time price" accounts, and the family credit, generally.

Down the furrow, and up the furrow, down to the woods, and up to the fence—there they go, the sturdy plowman and his much-enduring but indispensable mule.

For the poplar leaves are now as big as squirrel-ears, and it's "time to plant corn."

On moves the plowman, steady as a clock, silent and reflective.

SENATOR WATSON

Right after him comes the corn dropper, dropping corn.

The grains fairly chink as the bare feet of the corn dropper hurry past; and before the corn has well cuddled itself into the shoe-heel of the plowman's track, down comes the hoe of the "coverer" and then the seeds pass into the portals of the great unknown; the unknown of burial and of life renewed.

Peeping from the thicket near at hand the royal red-bird makes note of what is going on, nor is the thrasher blind to the progress of the corn dropper. And seated with calm but watchful dignity on the highest pine in the thicket is the melancholy crow, sharpening his appetite with all the anticipated pleasures of simple larceny.

The mockingbird circles and swoops from tree to tree, and in his matchless bursts of varied song no cadence is wanting, no melody missed.

The hum of the bees is in the air; white butterflies, like snowflakes, fall down the light and lazily float away.

The robin lingers about the china tree, and the blue-jay, lifting his plumed frontlet, picks a quarrel with every feathered acquaintance, and noisily asserts his grievances.

The joree has dived deeper into the thicket, and the festive sapsucker, he of the scarlet crest, begins to come to the front, inquisitive as to the location of the bugs and worms.

On such a day, such a cloudless, radiant, flower-sweetened day, the horseman slackens the rein as he rides through lanes and quiet fields, and he dares to dream that the children of God once loved each other.

On such a day one may dream that the time might come when they would do so again.

Rein in and stop, here on this high hill. Look north, look east where the sun rises, look south, look west where the sun sets—on all sides the steady mule, the steady plowman, and the children dropping corn.

Close the eye a moment and look at the picture fancy paints. Every field in Georgia is there, every field in the South is there. And in each the figures are the same—

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

the steady mule and the steady man and the pattering feet of the children dropping corn.

In these furrows lies the food of the Republic; on these fields depend life and health and happiness.

Halt those children, and see how the cheek of the world would blanch at the thought of famine.

Paralyze the plowman—and see how national bankruptcy would shatter every city in the Union. .

Dropping corn ! A simple thing, you say.

And yet, as those white seeds rattle down to the sod and hide away for a season, it needs no peculiar strength of fancy to see a Jacob's ladder crowded with ascending blessings.

Scornfully, the railroad king would glance at these small teams in each small field; yet check those corn dropers, and his cars would rot on the road and rust would devour the engines in the roundhouse. The banker would ride through those fields thinking only of his boarded millions, nor would he ever startle himself with the thought that his millions would melt away in mist were those tiny hands never more to be found dropping corn. The bondholder, proud in all the security of the untaxed receiver of other people's taxes, would see in these fields merely the industry from which he gathers tribute; it would never dawn on his mind that, without the opening of those furrows and the hurrying army of children dropping corn, his bond wouldn't be worth the paper it is written on.

Great is the might of this Republic!—great in its schools, churches, courts, legislatures; great in its towns and cities; great in its commerce; great in its manufactures; great in its colossal wealth.

But sweep from under it all these worn and wasted fields, strike into idleness or death the plowman, his wife and his child, and what becomes of the gorgeous structure whose foundation is his fields?

Halt the food growers, and what becomes of your gold and its "intrinsic value"?

How much of your gold can you eat?

SENATOR WATSON

How many of your diamonds will answer the need of a loaf?

But enough.

It is time to ride down the hill. The tinkle of the cowbell follows the sinking sun—both on the way home.

So, with many an unspoken thought, I ride homeward, thinking of those who plant the corn.

And hard indeed would be the heart that, knowing what these people do and bear and suffer, yet would not fashion this prayer to the favored of the Republic: "O rulers, lawmakers, soldiers, judges, bankers, merchants, editors, lawyers, doctors, preachers, bondholders! Be not so unmindful of the toil and misery of those who feed you!"

I never knew how much the people of Georgia and of the Nation loved Senator WATSON until his death. Millions loved him who had seen and heard him. They loved him best for they knew him best. Millions loved him who had never seen or heard him, but only knew of his great service to mankind. All were filled with real grief. They could not fully realize that he was gone and that no more would he be heard for them and theirs.

Mr. Speaker, one of the most solemn occasions of my life was when a few of his best friends and I, the night following his death, when all the rest of the world was quiet and seemed asleep, stood with bowed heads by his casket and looked into his upturned pale face. It seemed that those lips were ready to speak again and his face ready to glow again with the sympathetic radiance of life. But then I said, No, it will not be so. He is dead, but he shall live again. He shall live in the

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

memory of a grateful people as long as the human voice shall sing the praises of men. He shall live again beyond the stars.

The next day we started for Georgia to consign his body to mother earth in the State he loved so well. The deepest grief was everywhere. Thousands of people with bowed heads watched the funeral train as it passed. In Georgia there was a mighty multitude waiting to get a last glimpse of the man they loved so well. The very deepest grief was evident everywhere. By words and tears thousands of people evidenced the devotion of the people of Georgia and the Nation to the man who was being laid to rest.

Mr. Speaker, I am to-day, as a part of my eulogy on the life of Senator WATSON, reading in whole or in part a very few of his most excellent writings. Instead of trying to write a memorial of him I am pointing you to some of the monuments of which he is the author and finisher. He wrote his own memorials, which are imperishable.

Mr. Speaker, there are scenes in nature which the artist can not paint, and there are thoughts within the human breast which we can not express. The artist can not fully paint a picture of Niagara, the Yellowstone, the Canyon of the Colorado, or of the starry heavens. You ask me to tell you of a mother's love and I am dumb, I can not. I can only take you to where a child is suffering and let you see for yourself the anxiety, the pain, the suffering of the mother, and then you know dimly what a mother's love encompasses. You ask me to tell you of the beauties of nature.

SENATOR WATSON

All I can do is to point to the wonderful works of nature by day and at night point toward the starry heavens. "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork." So it is with the achievements and writings of Senator WATSON. I can not tell you of them, I can only point to a few passages from his almost unlimited writings. To read his wonderful works is to live a new life in the garden of the world's best literature.

A new year has begun, my colleagues, since we saw Senator WATSON's body lowered into the grave at Thomson, Ga. Let us, the living, now read Senator WATSON's own prayer to Father Time as he felt the leading hand, and may we, in memory of our deceased friend, from our hearts utter the same prayer:

Oh, Father Time! We tremble as we feel you leading us toward the door of the New Year. Beyond that portal we can not see, and we dread it—as children dread the dark.

Deal gently with us in the New Year, Father Time.

Give us strength to bear the cross—for we know that we must bear it.

Give us courage for the battle, for we know that we must fight it.

Give us patience to endure, for we know that we shall need it.

Give us charity that thinks no evil, and which will stretch forth the helpful hand to lift our weaker brother out of the mire, rather than the cruel scorn which passes him by or thrusts him further down.

Give us faith in the right which no defeat can disturb, and no discouragement undermine.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Give us the love of truth which no temptation can seduce and no menace can intimidate.

Give us the fortitude which, through the cloud and the gloom and sorrow of apparent failure, can see the distant pinnacles upon which the everlasting sunlight rests.

Give us the pride which suffers no contamination, no compromise of self-respect, no willful desertion of honest conviction.

Give us the purpose that never turns and the hope that never dies. And, Father Time, should the New Year, into which you are taking us, have upon its calendar that day in which the few that love us shall be bowed down in sackcloth and ashes, let that day, like all other days, find us on duty—faithful to the end.

Senator WATSON died as he had wished and prayed to die, "on duty—faithful to the end." He was not afraid to die. He had an abiding faith which lifted him to the highest heavens of thought in this life and made him "glad to go" to that better land when he heard the call. Listen while I read from his own words how he felt about the efforts of mortal man, about a "loftier life," and about future estate of the human race:

Not quite can the painter's art transfer to canvas the beautiful scene which dwells in his mind.

Then whence came that beauty which is too perfect to be reproduced by human skill?

Not quite can the great composer put into melodious notes those harmonies that enraptured his soul.

Then whence came those harmonies, those celestial airs which inspired, yet somewhat eluded, the divine genius of Handel and Beethoven and Schubert and Mozart?

Not quite can the speaker or writer catch and cage, in spoken or written words, those sublime thoughts which came into his solitude, when all the outer world was still,

SENATOR WATSON

and lifted his soul into a higher, purer, lovelier, diviner world.

Then whence came those thoughts which carried him to the mountain top and bade him look down upon all the world below?

From within comes the conviction that there must be somewhere a loftier life that we poor, imperfect creatures can live, and that somewhere there is perfect Beauty, perfect Melody, perfect Truth, and perfect Good.

From some better world must come these better things.

Some day it may be that the Angel of Beauty, which has so long inspired the artist, will whisper to him, "Put the brush away. Turn the canvas to the wall. Come with me." And that which is best in him will be glad to go.

Some day it may be that the Spirit of Music, which has been the companion soul of the composer, will say, "Sister spirit! Come away." And the twin souls will seek together the world in which there is no discordant sounds.

Some night the radiant thought that visits me here in my solitude may say to me—

"It is finished—Come." And that which is best in me will be glad to go.

To Senator WATSON life was a battle in which he was fighting for the right. "At Fifty" years of age he wrote:

Give me the man who will live and die for his ideals, who will surrender no righteous position without a struggle, who will perish rather than pollute his soul by apostasy from Right!

Better—a thousand times better—the tempest and the shipwreck with such a creed than inglorious decay at the wharf with any other. Better a Waterloo and a glorious death in the squares of the Old Guard than worldly pensions and honors for base betrayal of cause and country.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

So I thought at twenty. So I think at fifty. I have the scars to show for it. And, like any other soldier of the wars, I am proud of them.

Let the tide ebb—it must be so; let the daylight fade, it must be so—but this much any poor mortal can do, and should do: Hold aloft, to the very last, the banner of your creed; fight for it as long as you can stand; and when you go down, let it be possible for you to say to those who love you: “Lay a sword on my coffin; for I, also, was a soldier in the great struggle for humanity.”

Mr. Speaker, I think that there is nothing in all literature better than Senator WATSON’S “Song of the Bar Room” and his companion apostrophe, the “Wine Cup.”

Listen to the “Song of the Bar Room”:

Alive, let us live. Where is Yesterday? Lost forever. Where’s To-morrow? It may never come. To-day is here. Within its fleeting hours runs the only certainty that you’ll ever know. Come, eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die!

The chains of self-restraint are galling—throw them off! The burden of duty is grievous—fling it down! The cross of responsibility is crushing—let another bear it!

Live for yourself: live for the now: live for the lust of living.

Drink! and forget dull care. Drink! and ease the heartache. Drink! and drown the passion for the unattainable.

See how men are drawn to me! My lights blaze a brilliant welcome; I am never too hot nor too cold. Mirrored vanity smirks in my gilded reflectors; and no one is ill at ease in my Free-for-all Club. No shrewish wife can tongue-lash you here; no peevish child annoy you with its cries. Leave to them the ugliness of your haggard home and come unto me for comfort. Theirs, the cold and the gloom and the lonely vigil—yours, the warmth and glow and social joy.

SENATOR WATSON

Clink your glasses, men! Drink, again, "Here's hoping." 'Tis well to toast her here, where begins the trail to the grave of Hope. Be jolly; let the place ring with laughter; relate the newest story—the story that matches the nude pictures on the wall.

What's that? A dispute, angry oaths, a violent quarrel, the crash of overturned chairs, the gleam of steel, the flash of guns, the stream of lifeblood, the groans of dying men?

Oh, well, it might have happened anywhere. The hearts of mothers and fathers I wrench with pain; the souls of wives I darken in woe. I smite the mansion, and there are wounds that gold can not salve; the hut I invade, and poverty sinks into deeper pits.

I sow and I till, and I reap where I sow, and my harvest—is what?

Men so brutalized that all of humanity is lost, save the physical shape—men reeking with moral filth, stony of heart, bestial in vice—men who hear the name of God with a wrathful stare, or a burst of scornful mirth; men who listen to the death rattle of any victim of their greed or their lusts without a sign of pity.

And the women, too! How can I fitly sing of the woman of my harvest time? Did you ever hear her laugh? It must be the favorite music of the damned. Did you ever hear her ribald talk? The very sewers might shrink at bearing it away. Have you ever heard her libidinous songs? Did you ever watch her eyes—those defiant, mocking, hopeless, shameless eyes?

What warriors have I not vanquished? What statesmen have I not laid low? How many a Burns and Poe have I not dragged down from ethereal heights? How many a Sidney Carton have I not made to weep for a wasted life? How many times have I caused the ermine to be drawn through the mud?

Strong am I—irresistibly strong.

Samsonlike, I strain at the foundations of character; and they come toppling down, in irremediable ruin. I am the cancer, beautiful to behold, and eating my

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

remorseless way into the vitals of the world. I am the pestilence, stalking my victims to the cottage door and to the palace gate. No respecter of persons, I gloat over richly garbed victims no more than over the man of the blouse.

The church, I empty it; the jail, I fill it; the gallows, I feed it. From me and my blazing lights run straight the dark roads to the slums, to the prisons, to the bread lines, to the madhouse, to the potter's field.

I undo the work of the school. I cut the ground from under law and order. I'm the seed bed of poverty, vice, and crime. I'm the leper who buys toleration, and who has not to cry "Unclean." I'm the licensed ally of sin. I buy from the State the right to lay dynamite under its foundations. For a price they give me the power to nullify the work of lawmakers, magistrates, and rulers. For a handful of gold I am granted letters of marque to sail every human sea and prey upon its lifeboats.

Huge battleships they build, casing them triply with hardened steel; and huge guns they mount on these floating ramparts, until a file of dreadnoughts line the coast—for what? To be ready for perils that may never come. But I give them a pitiful purse, and in return they issue to me the lawful rights to unmask my batteries on every square; and my guns play upon humanity every day and every night of every year. And were my destroyers spread out upon the sea they would cover the face thereof.

Around that grief-bowed woman I threw the weeds of widowhood—but I paid for the chance to do it; and they who took my money knew that I would do it.

To the lips of that desolate child I brought the wail of the orphan—but I bought the right to do it; and they who sold me the right knew what would come of it.

Yes! I inflamed the murderer; I maddened the suicide; I made a brute of the husband; I made a diabolical hag out of the once beautiful girl; I made a criminal out of the once promising boy; I replaced sobriety and comfort by drunkenness and pauperism—but don't blame me;

SENATOR WATSON

blame those from whom I purchased the legal right to do it.

No Roman emperor ever dragged at his chariot wheels, on the day of his triumph, such multitudes of captives as grace my train. Tamerlane's marches of devastation were as naught beside my steady advance over the conquered millions. The Cæsars and the Attilas come and go—comets whose advents mean death and destruction for a season; but I go on forever, and I take my ghastly toll from all that come to mill.

In civilization's ocean I am the builder of the coral reef on which the ship goes down; of its citadel, I'm the traitor who lets the enemy in; of its progress, I'm the fetter and the clog; of its heaven, I'm the hell.

Now let me read to you "The Wine Cup":

It is a warrior whom no victory can satisfy, no ruin satiate. It pauses at no Rubicon to consider, pitches no tents at nightfall, goes into no quarters for winter. It conquers amid the burning plains of the south, where the phalanx of Alexander halted in mutiny. It conquers amid the snowdrifts of the north, where the grand army of Napoleon found its winding sheet. Its monuments are in every burial ground. Its badges of triumph are the weeds which mourners wear. Its song of victory is the wail that was heard in Ramah: "Rachel crying for her children, and weeping because they are not."

It never buries the hatchet; its temple of Janus never closes its doors. No dove of peace ever carries its message; in its hand is never the olive branch. It sends no flag of truce, and receives none; its wounded are left where they fall, and its dead bury their dead. Every citadel that it storms it devastates; and in every charge which it makes its cry is "No quarter."

Those who fall before its onset die deaths of shame, and they go down to dishonored graves to which love can bring no willing tribute of flowers, and over which pride can rear no enduring monument. To its prisoners it grants no exchange, holds them to no ransom, but

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

clutches them fast, in a captivity that is worse than death, and which ends only at the grave.

The sword is mighty, and its bloody traces reach across time, from Nineveh to Gravelotte, from Marathon to Gettysburg. Yet mightier is its brother, the wine cup. I say "brother," and history says "brother." Castor and Pollux never fought together in more fraternal harmony. David and Jonathan never joined in more generous rivalry. Hand in hand, they have come down the centuries, and upon every scene of carnage, like vulture and shadow, they have met and feasted.

Yea; a pair of giants, but the greater is the wine cup. The sword has a scabbard, and is sheathed; has a conscience, and becomes gluttoned with havoc; has pity, and gives quarter to the vanquished. The wine cup has no scabbard and no conscience; its appetite is a cancer which grows as you feed it; to pity, it is deaf; to suffering, it is blind.

The sword is the lieutenant of death, but the wine cup is his captain; and if ever they come home to him from their wars, bringing their trophies, boasting of their achievements, I can imagine that death, their master, will meet them with garlands and song, as the maidens of Judea met Saul and David. But as he numbers the victims of each, his pæan will be: "The sword is my Saul, who has slain his thousands; but the wine cup is my David, who has slain his tens of thousands."

Mr. Speaker, those of us living need more fortitude, and I am sure that Senator WATSON's suggestions on fortitude will encourage not only us but those who shall read them, long, long after we, too, shall have passed away.

Do not become discouraged! Don't lose heart.

You may not be able to see the harvest where you have patiently sown the seed, but be assured of this: no seed is lost.

SENATOR WATSON

The truthful word manfully spoken, the earnest effort honestly made, the noble creed consistently held—these are things which do not perish; they live on and move the world and mold the destinies of men long after you are dust.

Leave cowardice to the cowards; leave servility to the slaves. Be a man—proud, though in homespun; free, though in a hut.

Own your own soul!

Dare to listen to your own heartbeat. Between you and God's sunlight let no shadow of fear fall.

What is there to live for, if you are never to think, never to speak, never to act, save as the echo of some master? Better the death of the brave than the long misery of the mental serf.

Not always is it easy to know the right—very often is the road rough. Human praise can be won by shorter routes. Honors and riches are not always its rewards. Pleasanter days and calmer nights may be yours if you float smoothly down the tide of policy, steering deftly by the rules of the expedient.

But has life nothing loftier than this? Is there no divine voice within you that calls for better things? Is there no great pulse beat of duty within you—no flame of the warrior spirit, when insolent wrong flings its gage of battle at your feet?

Are you willing that the right shall call for aid, and you give no succor; that truth shall plead for help, and you bear no witness?

Is the sacred torch of liberty—passed on from hand to hand, down the ages in which brave men dared to keep it lighted—to find you unwilling to hold it aloft?

Shall the temple of civic freedom, reared by the great men who are gone, stand vacant, calling mutely, calling vainly for votaries at the shrine?

Was it all a mockery—this long struggle your forefathers made for justice? Is it an idle tale—this story of the heroism with which the rights of the people were slowly won?

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Not so—not so! Levity may slight and ignorance may disregard the blessed heirlooms of human endeavor, of patriotic purpose, of high-minded self-sacrifice—but they are there, and, like the signal fires of the highlands, they call heroic hearts to duty!

You may have desponded, but you must not despair. You may have stumbled, but you must not fall. You will rouse yourself and press forward. You will do your duty—for that is your religion.

If wrong triumphs, it shall not claim you as a partner in the crime.

If the light dies out in the homes of the people, the curse of the unhappy shall not blast your name.

You shall be a man—loyal, fearless, independent, ready for work, and loyal to the last, to the creed which your heart approves.

Men like these—and no others—won every treasure in the storehouse of liberty, every jewel in the crown of good government, every thread in the golden tissue of religious and political freedom.

Men like these—and no others—are going to keep alive the sacred fires our fathers kindled, are going to stamp out the foul heresies that imperil our rights, are going to fight to the death those who would turn back the march of human happiness, and are going to rededicate this Government to the principles upon which it was founded!

Stand firm and fear not.

Brave men, who are nothing more than brave, rush into the combat, get worsted and quit.

Brave men, who are something more than brave, take no defeat as final.

Senator WATSON, like all great authors, soared aloft, eaglelike, into the higher and purer air, and saw visions not seen by the great mass of humanity. He wrote vividly what he saw. Those reading his masterful works see the pictures which he has drawn and marvel at the almost superhuman

knowledge and vision of the artist who drew them. He indeed was one of the very greatest historians of all time. As a literary genius he ranks with the most noted. As an orator he thrilled his hearers with an eloquence which was sublime. He is physically dead, but his works and his life are a part of that which is immortal. I can not refrain from quoting again from Senator WATSON's own most splendid writings, where he commented upon a stanza of Gray's "Elegy":

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power;
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

I have often heard this stanza from Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" used for the purpose of discouraging ambition. In my judgment the poet had no such intention. He meant merely to give expression to that thought which the Romans had in mind when they placed in the chariot of the conqueror, on the day of his triumph, its attendant whose duty it was to repeat from time to time in the ear of the victor, "But remember that you are mortal." The same thought was in the mind of the Orientals, who dragged a mummy case through the banquet hall where revelers were feasting.

Properly understood, there is in all this no discouragement to honorable ambition. True, the paths of glory lead but to the grave, but whither leads any other path? The lawgiver, after all his toil and all the splendor of the civic crown, sinks to dust; but equally so does the thoughtless, aimless boor, who had no care beyond his pigsty.

The warrior, after the battles have been fought and won, after the dash of onset, the thrill of contest, the hot wine of triumph, sleeps coldly and alone; but equally dismal is the fate of the coward cur who wounded

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

himself with an imaginary bullet, shirked the fight, and lived, the scorn of mankind.

There was once an Indian chief, celebrated in the mountains of north Georgia. Some one asked him the way to his home. The red man haughtily answered, "I go home along the mountain tops."

To each one of us comes the hour when we meet—

"The shadow cloaked from head to foot,
Who keeps the key of all the creeds."

To me it seems far more noble, far more inspiring, to have the inevitable meeting somewhere in the pathway that leads us home along the mountain tops.

Senator WATSON lived in a realm of sublime creative thought on the vantage grounds of the highest peaks of the world's history and literature. He went as he had wished, home "along the mountain tops." Yea, the very highest mountain tops which reach up to the skies where the lamps of the heavens brighten and make easier the pathway of the way-worn traveler. The transition from toil to rest was easy.

He had lived, loved, and wrote in the purest and highest ecstasies of thought which touch the mystic realms of the great unknown. It was a beautiful peaceful night when the earth is closest to heaven. In the silent hush which comes just before the dawn he reached out and grasped the hand of the Father and stepped across the narrow chasm which divides life from eternity, and heard from the Father of us all the plaudit—

Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord.

SENATOR WATSON

Address by Representative Steagall
Of Alabama

MR. SPEAKER:

The heights by some men reached and kept
Were not attained by single flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

These beautiful lines find splendid illustration in the remarkable career of THOMAS E. WATSON. In all our history it would be difficult to point to any great American in whose achievements the youth of the land may find deeper inspiration than in the life of the brilliant Georgian whose memory we honor to-day.

To arrive at a just estimation of the credit due him, it is necessary to consider the difficulties and obstacles which he had to overcome. His accomplishments are sufficient of their own merit to give him high place among the Nation's great men. But to do his name full justice it is necessary to contrast his accomplishments with his opportunities. His life throughout was one of arduous toil and self-reliance. The hardships and handicaps which he encountered find striking parallel in the case of the great Lincoln. With Senator WATSON, as with Lincoln, the obstacles of early life became mere stepping-stones and seem to have developed a sympathy for the poor and a devotion to the interests of the masses which became the guiding influence of a life devoted to their advancement.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

At an early age, without necessary financial aid to pursue an education, with the responsibilities of a breadwinner thrust upon him, we find this red-headed boy at work on a farm at 50 cents a day. From the humble scenes and associations of simple farm life back in the hills of Georgia, a life of daily contact with farm hands, white and black, with no opportunities to make his way in the world save those carved by his own indomitable will and ambition, we see this farmer boy grow into the man of learning, enjoying the companionship of the greatest poets and philosophers of history. We see him master the world's classics—aye, more than that, the world's classics are enriched by his contributions, which will last as long as the English language shall be spoken. The backwoods country boy before reaching middle life is recognized as one of the world's great writers. Yet be it said to his credit that the glamor and glory of it all could never win his heart away from those to whom he had become attached in early youth. Through all his writing runs the vein of sympathy for them, the unabating effort to bridge the chasm between rich and poor and lead men to a recognition of brotherhood and equality.

I did not always agree with him. But I am glad to accept the invitation to speak on this occasion and to pay my tribute to this illustrious son of the South whose every heartbeat was loyal to her traditions and who spent his life in patriotic service of our common country.

SENATOR WATSON

Senator WATSON's place as a writer is so unique that many who have been attracted by the brilliancy of his literary attainments seem not fully to appreciate his extraordinary achievements in other fields of endeavor. To become a successful lawyer is in itself enough to crown any man's career with success. Such a place is well worthy the life's effort of any man—such a reward is rich enough to compensate any amount of toil and endeavor. Senator WATSON was one of the country's really great lawyers. During the days of his struggles to obtain a college education, which was never completed, while teaching to obtain funds with which to prosecute his career at school, he took up the study of law, and at night burned his candle late, storing his mind with the fundamental principles of English jurisprudence. He laid well the foundations to which he always adhered, never falling into the evil of stopping with some decision or accepting as final some discovered precedent. His investigations were always exhaustive. He never reached a conclusion until prepared to fortify it by unanswerable reason. Soon after his admission to the bar his ability was recognized on every hand. His profound knowledge of the law and his remarkable gifts as an advocate created widespread demand for his services. His clientele at once extended throughout the entire State of Georgia. Always, after this, whenever it was found necessary to replenish his purse, so often wasted in political activity or public service, he had only to return to the practice of his profession to accumulate a comfortable fortune in a few brief years—and this, too,

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

in a State where large accumulations of wealth are rare and where the fees of the lawyer are comparatively small. I would not be understood as attempting to measure his success as a lawyer solely by financial standards. That is only one of the elements by which to measure true success. It is said that Senator WATSON selected his cases and often refused to accept fees in instances which he regarded as unworthy of his efforts. On the other hand, no one was ever turned away because of poverty or obscurity. He sought always to use his splendid attainments in the promotion of justice and in service to his fellows.

But Senator WATSON had a love for mankind which made it impossible for him to rest content in the quietude of literary pursuits or the routine practice of law in the midst of wider opportunity for service. Too many problems affecting the masses pressed home for solution. In the presence of such conflicts and contending forces one of his restless nature and patriotic purpose could not remain passive or inactive. He had a love for the masses that was no less than a passion and an unyielding devotion to their interests and to every cause that lay close to their hearts or their welfare. He had unbounded faith in the right and capacity of the people to control their Government, and so long as this view was held in question nothing could swerve him from the purpose to accomplish its vindication. Politics to him was not a game to be played to obtain office or its emoluments. The appeal that allured him was the call to public service. Other things were mere

incidents or means to be used to reach the higher end. He genuinely despised the ease and comfort, as he spurned the rewards, that attend the course of least resistance. He sought always a place on the firing line where he encountered hardships and often, I am sure, disappointments—but always his head was erect, his purpose fixed, and his spirit undaunted. Even political exile seemed only to deepen his faith, to strengthen his courage, and to increase his ardor. He let pass no opportunity to fight in any cause which he thought meant the betterment of the masses of mankind.

The plain people loved him with the same unyielding devotion with which he so gladly fought their battles. The people of Georgia loved and honored him to a degree not excelled in the case of any other illustrious son of that great Commonwealth. Probably in all the history of the State no such tribute was ever before paid one of her sons as was paid Senator WATSON by the thousands of toiling masses who swept into the little town of Thomson from every nook and corner of the State, many of whom, unable to obtain lodging, walked the streets or sat up all night awaiting the hour when they might look for the last time upon the silent face of their lamented chieftain. Not only in his beloved State of Georgia, but throughout the length and breadth of the land where dwell the men whose toil creates the wealth of this mighty Nation this man was loved and honored. They followed him when living, and now that he is gone

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

they cherish his memory in lasting gratitude and affection.

Happy, indeed, the dispensation of Providence which permitted this devoted public servant to live to enjoy in some measure the rewards that come of unselfish service for the masses and to realize at least a partial fruition of his hopes and labors for their betterment. Not only was he called to the highest position within the gift of the people of Georgia but he lived to see the cause of those for whom he fought held in different regard by those in charge of their Government.

The principles penned by his hand and promulgated in ridicule and derision as Populistic vagaries have been accepted as wise and beneficent by many of the leaders of the two great political parties and their author triumphantly chosen to a seat in the Senate of the United States. The plan originated by him for the daily delivery of mail to the men about their daily toil has been accomplished. The masses have reached a higher degree of education and enlightenment. Improved methods of transportation have brought healthier and happier social and economic conditions throughout the land. The demand for financial reform, sneered at back in the nineties, has been met by the establishment of banking facilities which give the average citizen an opportunity in the struggle for industrial supremacy unknown in former years.

Farmers of the Nation, with new hope in their hearts and new light in their eyes, have caught step to the music of a better and a brighter day.

SENATOR WATSON

He had only to look about him to behold on every hand the splendid fruits of his patriotic public service and a future bright with the promise of ever-widening prosperity and happiness.

Senator WATSON was a pioneer in every struggle in recent years that has brought relief to the masses of mankind. He was of heroic mold. He lived and died fighting for the uplift of his fellows. His great learning, his masterly oratorical gifts, his rare courage, lofty patriotism, and labor for the common good give him place as one of the outstanding statesmen of our great Republic.

It is not gold, but only men
Can make a people great and strong.
Men who, for truth and honor's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long;
Brave men who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others fly,
These build a nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Address by Representative Oberstreet *Of Georgia*

MR. SPEAKER: I shall not attempt to speak of the great attainments of the late Senator from Georgia, the Hon. THOMAS E. WATSON, because his character and abilities have already been beautifully and eloquently portrayed by his colleagues both in the House and the Senate. But I shall speak of him as a lawyer, for the reason that Members of the Senate and the House have often asked me if Senator WATSON succeeded as well at the bar as on the hustings.

I knew him well as a lawyer, because I practiced law in the courts of our own State with him. To say that he was a good lawyer would not begin to do him justice, because he was one of the best, if not the very best, trial lawyers I have ever met in the courts. He was an advocate of marvelous ability, and if he had the conclusion before a jury his logic and eloquence were simply irresistible. He rarely ever lost a case before a jury, and I have seen him try quite a number. And he did not depend alone upon his powers of speech, for no lawyer prepared his cases better than Mr. WATSON. I have been associated with him in the trial of several cases and have observed the care with which he prepared every detail. He was not satisfied with knowing the law, but he wanted to know, and did know, all the facts and details of every case. If the

SENATOR WATSON

cause were one in which oral evidence alone was involved he would talk to each and every witness and question him closely and minutely in regard to every phase of the transaction. And when the case was sounded for trial Mr. WATSON was always ready and well prepared. He rarely made any notes, but carried everything in his marvelous memory.

The county of Screven, my home county, was the scene of Senator WATSON's early activities. It was there he taught his first school during vacation while attending college at Mercer University, and the old log house where he taught a country school at Goloid stood for a number of years until it rotted down from sheer decay. In fact, it remained standing until a few years ago, and when strangers came along the road near where the old building stood it was pointed out to them as an object of interest and curiosity, because Mr. WATSON labored there, while yet in his teens, within its humble walls.

He had loyal friends everywhere, but there were none more loyal and loving than those in Screven County, where he made them while a young man struggling to obtain an education.

I was at my home in Screven County when the death of Senator WATSON was announced from Washington, and it made one sad to witness the expressions of sorrow and bereavement depicted in the faces of his host of friends when they learned of his death.

He loved his friends and they worshiped him with a devotion that was truly wonderful. No

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

man in Georgia ever had a more powerful, personal following than Senator WATSON. His followers grew from a small band in the early nineties until he was justly regarded at the time of his death as the strongest political factor the State has ever produced.

Senator WATSON had many and marvelous gifts. He was a lawyer of rare ability, a statesman with a national reputation, a historian of preeminent authority, a man of broad culture and wide information, a devoted husband, a loving father, and a loyal friend. No words of praise from his colleagues can add to his renown, and he has left in the hearts and affections of his people a monument that will last forever.

Address by Representative Upshaw
Of Georgia

MR. SPEAKER AND GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE: "History has furnished but one perfect example," declared the eloquent J. C. C. Black in beginning his memorable speech at the unveiling of the Ben Hill monument in Atlanta; but the pages of history shine with the names and the deeds of men whose notable achievements have been at once the legacy and the inspiration of mankind. We have met to-day beneath the dome of this historic Capitol in the Capital of the proudest and happiest Nation on earth to pay tribute to a man—a scholar, a statesman—whose outstanding ability and whose remarkable versatility gave his name and his books an honored place in the libraries of two continents, and carried him to the shining pinnacle of the highest elective office, save one, in the United States of America.

THOMAS E. WATSON was humanly human, and therefore he was not a perfect man. His very humanity made thousands love him more. But any impartial study of notable men of notable achievements must admit that there was something tremendously unusual and notably worthy that caused this typical American boy of humble birth to so mightily grip the hearts of the masses that more than 10,000 people journeyed to his funeral in the now famous little town of Thomson, Ga.—people who followed him in life as "the

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

stormy petrel of Georgia politics"—some in reverence, some in awe, some in reasoning sequence, some in blind and unreasoning devotion, but all with an unmatched enthusiasm—for they believed, somehow, that "TOM" WATSON was the friend and fearless champion of the "common man."

I saw those thousands that memorable September day—stunned, saddened, silent—wounded, wondering, weeping—feeling that one of their own number, one of their closest friends or relatives, even one of their family circle, had been called by God, leaving a vacant chair, an empty throne, which no other could ever fill.

A memorial address in a sacred hour like this is a good place for frankness and honesty; it is certainly not a place for other than honesty; and in that spirit of frankness which THOMAS E. WATSON would himself approve, I must say that I did not indorse some things which Mr. WATSON did, nor some measures for which he stood; and frankly, again, I am quite sure he did not indorse some things I did and some measures for which I stood; but we were personal friends, each recognizing the right and the duty of the other to think honestly and act fearlessly before the bar of personal conscience and political action.

In the brief compass of this memorial tribute, in which so many friends and colleagues join, it is manifestly impossible to record or even refer to many of Senator WATSON's notable achievements; but to me, far more than the fact that he was one time the nominee for Vice President, and then

the nominee for President by a national convention of political pathfinders, two things stand out above all others among his pioneer constructive efforts—his initial steps toward that great, beneficent legislation in behalf of the American farmer, rural free delivery, and his authorship of the anti-liquor plank in the Populist platform of 1896.

Professor Arnett, of Columbia University, in his book, "The Populist Movement in Georgia," records that the Populists came out for prohibition in that year, and that Mr. WATSON, their acknowledged leader, wrote their platform demand for prohibition.

The masses were not ready for it then, but such pioneer declarations helped to blaze the trail for the "White Ribbon" legions who finally marched to constitutional victory. While a Member of Congress from the tenth district of Georgia in 1892, Mr. WATSON had already startled the country by his revelations concerning the barroom in the Capitol—the beginning of the fight which finally drove that insidious den of drink and shame from beneath the Capitol dome, and serving as a prohibition object lesson to the whole country, for the people naturally reasoned that if the debauching saloon was not fit for lawmakers in the National Capitol building, then surely it was not fit for the youth of America who would some day be the lawmakers or the lawbreakers of the Nation.

Leading Georgia papers declared at the time that the brilliant young Representative of the tenth Georgia district had suffered the fate of practically

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

all reformers—that he had lost all his influence in Congress by trying to bring about such a radical change in the habits and customs of recognized leaders. Henry Grady said:

All reforms are born through doubt and suspicion, but back of them, as back of the coming sun, stands the Lord God Almighty.

While naturally, of course, many would have rejoiced to see Senator WATSON more vigorous toward the enactment and enforcement of the Federal amendment, we rejoice to remember that the distinguished world historian, whose first public speech was an appeal for temperance, left to history one of the most graphic and powerful arraignments of “The Wine Cup” and “The Song of the Bar Room” in all literature. Every young man, every young woman, in America—yea, in the world—who is tempted to “look on the wine when it is red” and plunge into the debauching fascinations of bacchanalian revelry ought to read these brilliant and immortal warnings:

THE WINE CUP

[By THOMAS E. WATSON]

It is a warrior whom no victory can satisfy, no ruin satiate. It pauses at no Rubicon to consider, pitches no tents at nightfall, goes into no quarters for winter. It conquers amid the burning plains of the south, where the phalanx of Alexander halted in mutiny. It conquers amid the snowdrifts of the north, where the grand army of Napoleon found its winding sheet. Its monuments are in every burial ground. Its badges of triumph are the weeds which mourners wear. Its song of victory is the

SENATOR WATSON

wail that was heard in Ramah: "Rachel crying for her children, and weeping because they are not."

It never buries the hatchet; its temple of Janus never closes its doors. No dove of peace ever carries its message; in its hand is never the olive branch. It sends no flag of truce, and receives none; its wounded are left where they fall, and its dead bury their dead. Every citadel that it storms, it devastates; and in every charge which it makes its cry is "No quarter."

Those who fall before its onset die deaths of shame, and they go down to dishonored graves to which love can bring no willing tribute of flowers, and over which pride can rear no enduring monument. To its prisoners it grants no exchange, holds them to no ransom, but clutches them fast, in a captivity that is worse than death, and which ends only at the grave.

The sword is mighty, and its bloody traces reach across time, from Nineveh to Gravelotte, from Marathon to Gettysburg. Yet mightier is its brother, the wine cup. I say "brother," and history says "brother." Castor and Pollux never fought together in more fraternal harmony. David and Jonathan never joined in more generous rivalry. Hand in hand, they have come down the centuries, and upon every scene of carnage, like vulture and shadow, they have met and feasted.

Yea; a pair of giants, but the greater is the wine cup. The sword has a scabbard, and is sheathed; has a conscience, and becomes gluttoned with havoc; has pity, and gives quarter to the vanquished. The wine cup has no scabbard and no conscience; its appetite is a cancer which grows as you feed it; to pity, it is deaf; to suffering, it is blind.

The sword is the lieutenant of death, but the wine cup is his captain; and if ever they come home to him from their wars, bringing their trophies, boasting of their achievements, I can imagine that death, their master, will meet them with garlands and song, as the maidens of Judea met Saul and David. But as he numbers the victims of each, his pæan will be: "The sword is my Saul,

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

who has slain his thousands; but the wine cup is my David, who has slain his tens of thousands."



THE SONG OF THE BAR ROOM

[By THOMAS E. WATSON]

Alive, let us live. Where is Yesterday? Lost forever. Where's To-morrow? It may never come. To-day is here. Within its fleeting hours runs the only certainty that you'll ever know. Come! eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die!

The chains of self-restraint are galling—throw them off! The burden of duty is grievous—fling it down! The cross of responsibility is crushing—let another bear it!

Live for yourself: live for the now: live for the lust of living.

Drink! and forget dull care. Drink! and ease the heart-ache. Drink! and drown the passion for the unattainable.

See how men are drawn to me! My lights blaze a brilliant welcome; I am never too hot nor too cold. Mirrored vanity smirks in my gilded reflectors; and no one is ill at ease in my Free-for-all Club. No shrewish wife can tongue-lash you here; no peevish child annoy you with its cries. Leave to them the ugliness of your haggard home and come unto me for comfort. Theirs, the cold and the gloom and the lonely vigil—yours, the warmth and glow and social joy.

Clink your glasses, men! Drink, again, "Here's hoping." 'Tis well to toast her here, where begins the trail to the grave of Hope. Be jolly; let the place ring with laughter; relate the newest story—the story that matches the nude pictures on the wall.

What's that? A dispute, angry oaths, a violent quarrel, the crash of overturned chairs, the gleam of steel, the flash of guns, the stream of lifeblood, the groans of dying men?

Oh, well, it might have happened anywhere. The hearts of mothers and fathers I wrench with pain; the souls of wives I darken in woe. I smite the mansion,

SENATOR WATSON

and there are wounds that gold can not salve; the hut I invade, and poverty sinks into deeper pits.

I sow and I till, and I reap where I sow, and my harvest—is what?

Men so brutalized that all of humanity is lost, save the physical shape—men reeking with moral filth, stony of heart, bestial in vice—men who hear the name of God with a wrathful stare or a burst of scornful mirth; men who listen to the death rattle of any victim of their greed or their lusts without a sign of pity.

And the women, too! How can I fitly sing of the woman of my harvest time? Did you ever hear her laugh? It must be the favorite music of the damned. Did you ever hear her ribald talk? The very sewers might shrink at bearing it away. Have you ever heard her libidinous songs? Did you ever watch her eyes—those defiant, mocking, hopeless, shameless eyes?

What warriors have I not vanquished? What statesmen have I not laid low? How many a Burns and Poe have I not dragged down from ethereal heights? How many a Sidney Carton have I not made to weep for a wasted life? How many times have I caused the ermine to be drawn through the mud?

Strong am I—irresistibly strong.

Samsonlike, I strain at the foundations of character; and they come toppling down, in irremediable ruin. I am the cancer, beautiful to behold, and eating my remorseless way into the vitals of the world. I am the pestilence, stalking my victims to the cottage door and to the palace gate. No respecter of persons, I gloat over richly garbed victims no more than over the man of the blouse.

The church, I empty it; the jail, I fill it; the gallows, I feed it. From me and my blazing lights run straight the dark roads to the slums, to the prisons, to the bread lines, to the madhouse, to the potter's field.

I undo the work of the school. I cut the ground from under law and order. I'm the seed bed of poverty, vice, and crime. I'm the leper who buys toleration, and who has not to cry "Unclean." I'm the licensed ally of sin.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

I buy from the State the right to lay dynamite under its foundations. For a price they give me the power to nullify the work of lawmakers, magistrates, and rulers. For a handful of gold I am granted letters of marque to sail every human sea and prey upon its lifeboats.

Huge battleships they build, casing them triply with hardened steel; and huge guns they mount on these floating ramparts, until a file of dreadnoughts line the coast—for what? To be ready for perils that may never come. But I give them a pitiful purse, and in return they issue to me the lawful rights to unmask my batteries on every square; and my guns play upon humanity every day and every night of every year. And were my destroyers spread out upon the sea they would cover the face thereof.

Around that grief-bowed woman I threw the weeds of widowhood—but I paid for the chance to do it; and they who took my money knew that I would do it.

To the lips of that desolate child I brought the wail of the orphan—but I bought the right to do it; and they who sold me the right knew what would come of it.

Yes! I inflamed the murderer; I maddened the suicide; I made a brute of the husband; I made a diabolical hag out of the once beautiful girl; I made a criminal out of the once promising boy; I replaced sobriety and comfort by drunkenness and pauperism—but don't blame me; blame those from whom I purchased the legal right to do it.

No Roman emperor ever dragged at his chariot wheels, on the day of his triumph, such multitudes of captives as grace my train. Tamerlane's marches of devastation were as naught beside my steady advance over the conquered millions. The Cæsars and the Attilas come and go—comets whose advent means death and destruction for a season; but I go on forever, and I take my ghastly toll from all that come to mill.

In civilization's ocean I am the builder of the coral reef on which the ship goes down; of its citadel, I'm the traitor who lets the enemy in; of its progress, I'm the fetter and the clog; of its heaven, I'm the hell.

SENATOR WATSON

SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE

Conducting the funeral of Senator WATSON, Dr. E. J. Forrester, the profound Bible scholar and Baptist preacher, who was the favorite pastor of the brilliant Georgian, brought out the fact that Senator WATSON, who united with the Baptist Church in his youth, loved the simplicities and verities of "old-time religion," and such old-time songs as "How Firm a Foundation" and "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand," and that he believed what everybody knew he believed—in that fundamental Americanism which Roger Williams taught—the absolute separation of church and state, liberty of conscience, and freedom of the soul. His brilliant advocacy of these basic constitutional truths was like a blazing fire consuming everything before it that dared to touch the public treasury for sectarian purposes or dispute the supremacy of the American flag on the American continent.

HE COULD WEEP AS WELL AS FIGHT

It was hard for many who only thought of him in the heat of fierce political conflict to realize that "Tom" WATSON, the fighting warrior of the hustings, had an intensely human heart that could obey the Biblical injunction to "weep with those who weep."

It was not merely the personal gratitude of one stricken family that learned that beautiful truth just after the Knickerbocker tragedy here in Washington, and not merely in his native Georgia were thousands moved to tears by his thoughtful,

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

brilliant, tender words, but widely over America millions were touched and blessed when he had read before the Senate of the United States that beautiful editorial from the Washington Star entitled "Carolyn Upshaw," and addressing himself especially to the brave, striking words of faith and triumph, "Well, sister, I haven't cried yet," that fell from the smiling lips of that suffering, dying Christian girl of 16 years, Senator WATSON melted the hearts of listening Senators and a listening Nation by his wonderful words of pathos, beauty, and immortal truth.

Thank God for the mission and the ministry of human tenderness and Christian sympathy!

E'n sorrow touched by love grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day!

Senator WATSON wrote me one time in response to my letter of sympathy when his beloved daughter died: "I have almost reached the limit of the men of my line, and I want to die at peace with all mankind." And one day when I sat near him in the Senate while a fellow Senator was making a bitter speech toward certain politicians, the tempestuous leader of many a stormy battle turned and gently said to me:

It is a pity for a political leader to indulge in bitterness. I realize that I have made a mistake to find myself so often breasting the waves of the current and harboring and using bitter speech. I feel the new responsibility of being a Senator upon me and I want to represent, not a bitter feud, but all the people of Georgia.

SENATOR WATSON

It is highly gratifying to Senator WATSON's nation-wide circle of friends that his editorial ideals and potential activities did not stop with his untimely death, but that his paper, the Columbia Sentinel, is now being carried on by his former confidential secretary, Hon. Grover C. Edmondson, as the resourceful editor, and by that remarkably brilliant Georgia woman, Mrs. Alice Louise Lytle, as managing editor, who served in that capacity something like a dozen years during the life and labors of "The Chief," as his close associates affectionately called him.

Better than any other two persons of equal ability on earth, they are capable of lifting aloft the torch he carried so long, and projecting into the future those fundamental principles of militant Jeffersonian democracy for which THOMAS E. WATSON so fearlessly and brilliantly stood. It is especially fortunate for the cause of sobriety that in consonance with the spirit of the first public utterance of their "Chief" in his brilliant youth, the Columbia Sentinel is firing a broadside every week in behalf of the integrity of the Constitution and the strict enforcement of our prohibition law.

Victor, indeed, is that builder of states and nations who lived strongly enough to project his ideals beyond the touch of his own master hand and plant the seed—truths of a shining pyramid of light that will pierce the ages as they over it roll.

Do dreams of fame thy restless soul engage?
With sword or pen thou canst inscribe thy name
Upon the brow of Envious Time himself
And bid defiance to his blighting breath;

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

But thou must first build 'round thy human heart
An adamantine wall, impregnable alike
To Love's sweet smile or Pity's tear,
On the altar of thy purposes lay
Freedom and ease and rest and calm content—
The joys of home, hope, happiness, and Heaven;
And when thou'st reached the lonely mountain top
And stand at sunset by the glittering thing
For which thou'st left the peaceful vale below,
Thou'lt find the brightness that had lured thee on
Above the dear companionship of men
Was but a mocking gleam of chilling light
Reflected from some bleak and icy cliff
That frowns above eternal fields of snow.

These lofty words by Tom F. McBeath, one of the South's most gifted poets and educators, describes the melancholy fate, the lonely isolation, of many a son of fame who has lost the "common touch" by climbing above and away from the masses of men and women, but THOMAS E. WATSON carried the plain people with him to the heights, realizing that they and their clinging love and faith had placed him there, and he accepted that faith and love as the gift and the call of duty and of God.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. As a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Senator the House will stand adjourned until 12 o'clock noon to-morrow.

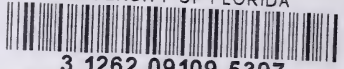
Accordingly (at 3 o'clock and 35 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow, Monday, February 12, 1923, at 12 o'clock noon.



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